Week ending August 29 1959

JOHN BULL

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The Cover

NOTHING seems quite so private and confidential as a public park when it comes to one of life's great moments. The baby in the pram is oblivious to all but that fascinating fringe; his mother to everything but him—and the happy young couple on the love seat to everything but each other. For a few fleeting moments their world stands still. "Soon," says artist Wyles, "they'll be back to earth—making thrilling plans for the wedding of a lifetime."

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

Beat The Drum

THE people who run the campaign to advertise Britain are doing a good job—but is enough being done in this direction?

Why is Britain a great power? We live on an island with few resources beyond coal. Yet Britain is one of the foremost industrial nations of the world.

The reason lies in the inventive genius and intelligence of the British people. Yet foreigners know nothing of British achievements.

I have a French boy staying with me at the moment who firmly and honestly believes that the British have done nothing, achieved nothing and are nothing.

The Americans have achieved everything that has been done in the Western world for the last few decades, even down to winning the war against Nazism. He knows nothing of the Battle of Britain and considers Dunkirk a cowardly act of betrayal. Britain has long been renowned for her attitude of "we get on with the job and leave the boasting to others."

But has this gone on too long? The way of the world today is to boast of the achievement of one's country. We have lagged behind the rest of the world in doing this, with the result that places like the Middle East, which were traditionally British spheres of influence, have been "converted" to Communism.

Lesser nations tend to accept the greater nations upon the valuation that they give themselves, so let us tell the world what we are—the best. —R. P., Pickford Close, Bexleyheath, Kent.

A Veteran Loaf

During the first World War my father was a prisoner of war in Germany. The fortnightly ration of bread was one black loaf. He brought one of these home with him and has it still.

Now forty years old, this loaf shows no sign of mould and still smells quite pleasant. A master baker has suggested that sawdust has helped to preserve it. — DUNCAN DONALDSON, Hamilton, Lanarkshire.

"This loaf would probably be made of rye flour, using a very sour dough," says a bakery expert. "The result would be bread of a greater acidity than that which we are used to—and this would discourage the growth of mould.

"Mould needs dampness to grow and this loaf was probably very dry when made. Without actually having seen it, I would say that it is still eatable, though it will be very dry."

Training For Trouble

A young friend of mine who is a fine athlete is anxious to train as a sprinter for the Olympic Games.

He is now very worried because he has read somewhere that men who have been active sportsmen die early, because of the terrific strain on the system.

In the circumstances I am rather embarrassed as to the advice I should give him. — F. H. JAMES, Briton Ferry, Glam.

"This is simply not true," says a doctor. "Men who have been famous athletes live just as long as, if not longer than, anyone else.

"If an athlete dies early you read about his death. All the ordinary people who die early are never heard about.

"Furthermore, it is not true that if you are a weight-lifter of mighty physique you will run to fat and become unhealthy as soon as you stop active training.

"You may tend to become fat—but you'll still be healthier than most people."

Our Stately Pylons

Many people regard electric pylons as the ugly ducklings of civil

engineering. I don't agree with them. I am working on a farm which has a huge pylon for a next-door neighbour, and after due consideration I now regard it with a certain amount of pleasure.

Most of the pylons along the power-line differ from each other as far as height, width of base and general pattern of the lower interlacing is concerned.

They are all well-proportioned, neither top heavy (the all-prevailing sin of telegraph poles) nor squat (like cooling towers).

Next time you pause to pour forth abuse on a stately pylon, have a good look at it first.—JOHN WARD, Wallerscote Road, Weaverham, Northwich, Cheshire.

Kids In Mufti

The great joy of leaving school was when I got rid of my school uniform for all time. A long, lanky young man of six foot, I had been compelled to wear a heavily braided, multi-coloured blazer and a cap which even eight-year-olds would keep stuffed in their pockets.

I can sympathize with youngsters whose schools have discovered a strange snob value in the sartorial monstrosities they inflict on their pupils.

Now I notice that even the former elementary schools have their caps, badges and other distinctive accoutrements.

On behalf of future generations of schoolchildren I would suggest that it is high time we imposed an official ban on all school uniforms.

Kids hate them, and parents often find it a struggle to pay through the nose for them.—J. H., Hindes Road, Harrow, Middlesex.

Spoiling The Journey

I am amazed that there are some people who want to encourage travellers to chatter in trains.

Those who want to talk usually do so, but the majority remain silent from choice.

On a railway journey we are free to relax, work out personal problems, look at the scenery, or indulge in imagining romantic stories about our fellow passengers which would fall flat if we had to listen to details about their operations or about how little Johnnie was penalized in the eleven-plus. Only wolves and the over-garrulous will welcome this meddlesome idea.—MISS A. F. TOWNSEND, Runcorn, Cheshire.

Teenage Hours

One way of easing unemployment would be to make young people work shorter hours, say half a day instead of a whole day.

Young people of sixteen and seventeen frequently work from nine until five and then attend evening classes.

This is too long a day for youngsters. If they did half-time work they could devote the other half to studies or healthy out-of-door sports.

Their wages would be less, but young people earn far too much nowadays and generally they need not get a living wage while living under their parents' roofs.

Shorter hours for the young would mean more work for the middle-aged who must have full-time work.—J. H., Knowle, Bristol, 4.

The New Slouchers

The most noticeable difference in the habits of the male population since 1945 as opposed to prewar days is that men, rich and poor, in every

profession and job, all go about with their hands in their pockets.

I have even seen it done in a funeral procession. Before the war only loafers were guilty of this.—MISS C. MCCULLOCH, Ballinluig, Perthshire.

Playback Proposal

Mr. Ernest Marples, the Postmaster General, is always on the lookout for new ways of increasing efficiency and facilities in post offices; perhaps he would be interested in this suggestion.

The increasing use of tape-recording machines suggests the probability that in a few years' time written letters will be replaced by messages on tape. The P.M.G. should think of providing these machines in all post offices for sending and playing back such "letters."

In a short time the fees would cover the cost of this innovation.—W. G., Newbury, Berks.

"We thank your reader for his interesting suggestion," says the G.P.O. "However, we feel that the cost of each message—which presumably would include the cost of a telegram notifying the recipient that a tape message had been sent to his local post office — would be prohibitive.

"Nevertheless, should there be a worthwhile public demand we would seriously consider such a service."

Rolling Home

At fifty I recently made the surprising discovery that, if called on to walk a white line to prove my sobriety, I could not do so.

A doctor tells me this is due to

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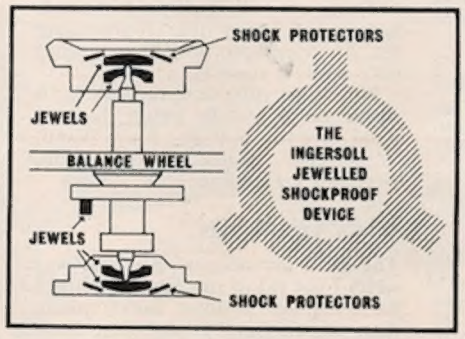

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Free Speech

continued from page 3

ear troubles, with which I have been long affected. Certainly my sense of balance is not particularly good.

It is a disturbing thought that even if I were quite sober I would be unable to pass a long-standing and well-tried test for drunkenness.—L. T., Aldershot, Hants.

"Reader L. T. should not worry unduly," says a doctor. "The white line test is frowned on by most police surgeons and in any examination of this kind ear troubles which suggest some difficulty in balancing would be detected."

Canadian Capers?

I was interested to hear about a points system operating in Canada for car drivers.

There, a driver starts with a new licence. For infringing the rules of the road a driver loses one or more points, depending on the gravity of the offence.

In Ontario, for example, a driver loses his licence for three months once he has twelve points against him.

I consider that this is an excellent scheme and must really keep motorists on the alert.—C. H. BELL, Northfield Terrace, Leeds, 7.

Under Ontario's scheme, points are added to a motorist's driving record after court convictions.

A driver with six points is advised of his record and asked to improve his driving. After nine points the driver may have to take another driving test.

Twelve points are the penalty for drunken driving or criminal negligence.

Failing to stop at the scene of an accident costs nine points, while minor offences — failing to signal, unnecessarily slow driving—cost two. The scheme started in February.

Birds And The Bees

Which are the more intelligent—birds or insects? Often I would watch a bluetit settle on the side of our beehive and tap it with its beak.

A bee would then appear on the landing stage of the hive, to be snatched up by the bird. This happened time and time again.

However, the bees proved themselves not devoid of intelligence. The bluetit lived in the hollow of a tree and one day I saw a swarm of bees pay it a call.

They stung the bluetit to death. I am still wondering which is more intelligent.—G. P. WILLIAMS, Chertsey, Surrey.

Parents To Blame

We hear so much about young folk getting into bad company through having nothing to do—and yet, as an official of a local sports and social club, where such boys and girls are catered for, I am amazed. Not at the young folk but at their protesting parents.

Recently my club appealed in the local newspaper for adults to come forward to help with the organization of the club.

Response? Nil, from a district housing 30,000 people.

Adults are urgently needed in most youth clubs, but they are too darned busy watching their television sets to be bothered with the interests of the community.—S. LAMBERT, Eccles, Lancs.

Jet-age Bobbies

Surely it is about time that some positive measure was taken about providing adequate transport for the country policeman?

He is often conspicuous for the antiquated bicycle which is all he has to cover an extensive beat, made all the more arduous where mountain roads and valleys are involved.

He holds a position of responsibility in the community. His duties are many and varied and he is likely to be called upon at all times of day and night.

The very least that he should be provided with to carry out his duties is a motor scooter or motor cycle.—R. W. HAY, P.O. Tynygroes, Conway, Caernarvonshire.

LIONEL DAVIDSON makes a personal call on

NEXT WEEK

Sir Oswald Mosley

An astonishingly frank interview with the man who might have been Britain's dictator—and is on the march again

Whose fault is it?

Which driver is in the wrong? Who was using more than his fair share of the road? There are thousands of such arguments every year. And, more often than not, the true answer is that THE ROAD IS IN THE WRONG. It is too narrow, too winding, and overloaded with traffic. The map of Britain is criss-crossed with inadequate roads.

Now, at last, a new road programme is under way and already long stretches of new super highways are nearing completion. It is a gigantic task to keep roads ahead of the increasing traffic and increasing speeds. But it is one for which the earth-moving industry is adequately equipped. During the next decade the industry will be making a substantial contribution to the economic future of Britain, as well as to the comfort, convenience, and safety of its citizens.

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For the first time—the whole agonizing story of how man stumbled into the atom age . . . by MICHAEL AMRINE

THE SECRET DECISION THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

Only a handful of men knew the truth about the deadliest project of

At five o'clock in the afternoon of April 12, 1945, Harry S. Truman, Vice-President of the United States of America, was running—alone—through the basement of the Capitol Building in Washington.

He was sixty years old, but did not think of his heart or his health as he trotted through the long, cool corridor. Mr. Truman, as if he were a good deal younger, had just played the kind of schoolboy prank that occasionally amused him. This was the only time in eight years that he had been able to give the slip to the Secret Service.

Often Mr. Truman acted on impulse, and he had just decided that he did not want bodyguards with him on this particular hasty summons to the White House. Guards might have slowed him down.

When the Vice-President emerged into the sunlight of Capitol Place, got into his car and rode impatiently through Washington's rush-hour traffic on Pennsylvania Avenue, he knew little more than his chauffeur about what he would find at the end of the trip.

At 5.25 p.m. he was ushered into a second-floor study at the White House. And Eleanor Roosevelt told him the word she had just received. "Harry," she said, "the President is dead."

At 7.09 p.m. by the clock beneath Woodrow Wilson's portrait in the Cabinet Room, the Vice-President took a Bible in his hand and repeated the Presidential Oath of Office after Chief Justice Harlan Stone.

Members of the Cabinet had come to the White House to see the oath administered and, immediately following the ceremony, the new President held his first Cabinet meeting. He asked the members of the Cabinet to stay on, but emphasized that he himself "would assume full responsibility for such decisions as had to be made."

End of an era

Then an era ended as the Roosevelt appointees filed out of the room. One man, the oldest of them all, was slower to depart. The fine white hair of Henry L. Stimson, the Secretary of War, shone in the subdued light of the room, and his voice was a little unsteady as he said to the President that there was something he had to tell him—without delay. Stimson knew a secret that had been kept even from the Vice-President.

In Mr. Truman's own words:

"Stimson told me that he wanted me to know about an immense project that was under way—a project looking to the development of a new explosive of almost unbelievable destructive power. That was all he felt free to say at the time, and his statement left me puzzled. It was the first bit of information that had come to me about the atomic bomb, but he gave me no details.

"It was not until the next day that I was told enough to give me some understanding of the almost incredible developments that were under way and the awful power that might soon be placed in our hands. That so vast an enterprise had been successfully kept secret even from the members of Congress was a miracle."

That night of April 12 various threads of history were already spinning into a pattern, making a new design for human life, beginning an era that men would call the atomic age.

At a secret laboratory, men of talent and genius were making the final calculations for "The Bomb." They were certain that their new kind of bomb would work. Prominent scientists in charge of this project had been sure of that since December.

On secret practice flights from an airfield in Utah, Air Corps bombardiers for months had been preparing "The Plane" which could carry a secret new device. At this hour the crew and the ship were alert and ready. Whenever the device was completed, tested, and delivered to them, a single word could launch their mission.

Atom spy groups

In several secret groups, spies working for the Soviet apparatus had already been assigned to espionage in nuclear energy. To a great extent, these agents were successful in learning of the atomic project in 1944 and 1945.

Mr. Truman was not aware of the magnitude and the importance of these threads of history, on this night of April 12. And of the dark web of espionage he and the rest of the world did not learn until years later.

When the Secret Service men, who by now had rejoined Mr. Truman, drove with him up Connecticut Avenue back to his apartment, a good part of the

the war. Already some of them dreaded the monster they had created

world had already experienced one grave shock: Franklin D. Roosevelt was dead.

Only a very few men knew of another shock to come: a new age would be born. These few were thinking that the new President would make a momentous decision about it in approximately a hundred days.

This is the story of those days, and of that decision.

By the spring of 1945 a few very privileged men had put upon their maps the names of Oak Ridge, in Tennessee, Los Alamos in New Mexico, and Hanford in Washington State. These were the secret atomic cities developing the balance of world power for tomorrow.

The new President of the United States had not been one of the few officials admitted behind the atomic curtain. The bomb had never been a subject for any Cabinet discussions, although, for special reasons, a few Cabinet members had been told something of it.

Many British leaders, nevertheless, knew about the "Manhattan Project," as it was called. The British had been on the inside of atomic secrecy right from the beginning of the project five years beforehand. During the war the project was supposed to be a joint enterprise between the British and the Americans; John Cockcroft and William Penney were among the scientists from Britain working in U.S. atomic laboratories.

However, Churchill often complained that the British were not being properly informed.

In the war years no official word of the project ever went to America's other allies. Most surprising of all, many American military leaders were kept in the dark. Key military personalities—General Douglas MacArthur and General Eisenhower, for example—were not briefed to expect it.

The man in charge

Henry L. Stimson, as Secretary of War, had been informed and for years had taken particular interest in "Manhattan."

To Stimson had fallen the peculiar responsibility of seeing to it that men were not drafted away from essential atomic work into the army. Some 50,000 persons were deferred and assigned to the project, but no draft board was ever told the nature of this essential work.

Brigadier General Leslie R. Groves, the Director of Manhattan, had an unusual assignment in that the high command did not tell him what they wanted; he told them what he wanted. More peculiar still, he was responsible for spending astronomical sums of money, and not a single ounce of final product had ever been shipped from any of his production centres.

It was this peculiarity—the production of nothing—that almost resulted in a premature disclosure of the great secret. Many months before he became President, Truman had come almost as close to discovering the true nature of Manhattan as he was on April 12.

All appropriations for Manhattan, and these were running into hundreds of millions of dollars, had passed through the hands of Congress, since no U.S. government agency receives money to spend in any way other than through specific acts of Congress. In this case Congress was asked for a blank cheque. And with this particular cheque, not only was the amount unknown, but also the payee and the purpose.

Both the U.S. Senate and the House have committees for keeping an eye on military affairs, and in 1940 Senator Truman, as he was then, established a committee to investigate the national defence programme. He became its chairman, and it was popularly known as the Truman Committee.

The great mystery

In 1944 it heard rumours of huge army production centres which were consuming tons of vital materials. Entire trainloads of scarce construction materials, steel, copper and cement, went into these places, and nothing ever came out.

In Tennessee, men were building a place called K-25, which was to house the largest single industrial process under one roof anywhere in the world. But in 1944 this huge plant apparently produced nothing, and also appeared to be connected with other far-flung projects of the Army Engineers Corps, of which Truman Committee senators had personal knowledge.

Could this be the largest scandal of the war?

The committee's investigators had already worked their way into Oak

The secret decision that changed the world

continued from previous page

Ridge when the probe was stopped by the word of one man.

Truman said later:

"Secretary Stimson phoned to say that he wanted to have a private talk with me. As he sat beside my desk he said: 'I can't tell you what it is, but it is the greatest project in the history of the world. It is most top secret. Many of the people who are actually engaged in the work have no idea what it is, and we who do would appreciate your not going into those plants.'

"I had long known Henry L. Stimson to be a great American patriot and statesman. 'I'll take you at your word,' I told him. 'I'll order the investigations into those plants called off.'

"I did so at once, and I was not to learn anything whatever as to what that secret was until the Secretary spoke to me after that first Cabinet meeting."

As Truman discovered on taking office, more than 100,000 people and two billion dollars had been required to build one secret laboratory after another, followed by fantastic production units.

At Hanford, a half-billion was spent on huge machines to manufacture an element which Nature had not made, but which man could make: plutonium. These machines, nuclear reactors, were heat-and-power plants on a huge scale, and the waters of the Columbia River were used to cool them. As a result, the temperature of the river was raised.

Hot water crisis

There was a crisis one day when an official began a conference with one word: "Fish" All present realized instantly that he was on a topic which had already worried some of them. The water in the Columbia River could not only be hot in terms of temperature; it could be made "hot" in terms of radiation.

Safety measures were established, but radiation remained a serious problem at Hanford. Never before had man built such great equipment, knowing that once it was in operation, no men for centuries could ever again approach the hot, hot metal to make repairs.

Time and again, the workmen at Hanford sealed off a secret chamber. And sometimes when a chamber was sealed, they knew that it would have to remain closed to the world until it was as old as the pyramids.

Hidden away in the desert of New Mexico was Los Alamos, the principal laboratory where theoreticians and experimentalists could propose new concepts and test them out. Los Alamos was then one of the finest laboratories in the world. But, militarily speaking, the primary rôle of the laboratory was as an ordnance centre, the final point of assembly of the bomb from materials produced in Washington State and in Tennessee.

The basic task for Los Alamos had been stated several years before by a committee of the National Academy of Sciences (in October, 1941): "A fission bomb of superlatively destructive power will result from bringing quickly together a sufficient mass of U-235"—a type of uranium.

Oak Ridge had solved the problem of "sufficient mass." Los Alamos was now solving the problem of "bringing quickly together." The final calculations on this were being made, although scientists were confident that the basic solutions were at hand.

However, they were anxious to see just how efficient the bomb would actually be in terms of released energy. Soon they would know. . . .

During those last days of April a picked crew of airmen and bombardiers was making last-minute preparations for going overseas.

For many months the 509th Composite Group, stationed at Wendover Field, in a desert area of Utah, had been rehearsing the dropping of a special secret weapon. Now that these men had finished their training, they were keen to fly with the real thing.

But what was the real thing? These airmen knew of a few characteristics; they knew that some of the details were quite unpleasant. But only their commanding officer, Colonel Paul W. Tibbets, jr., had been given even a sketchy briefing, and he had been forbidden to pass this briefing on to his men.

So the men of the 509th simply called their new weapon "The Gimmick."

Colonel Tibbets was a perfectionist. He personally selected bleak Wendover Field as a training base because he thought that, being located far out in the desert, it would be much simpler to maintain security. The colonel trained his new crews intensively and made a fetish of perfect timing. If his B-29 "Superforts" arrived from a long practice mission even five minutes late, it could make him angry.

By December of 1944 he began introducing the men to special features peculiar to their group. Their planes had the depressing distinction of having all their guns stripped off, except those in the tail. This stripping did nothing to raise the morale of the 509th.

It had been decided from the beginning that the B-29s would not use radar in pinpointing the target, but would operate by the old-fashioned visual method, using human eyes and bombsights. The general opinion of men of the 509th was that the visual method was fine—on a clear day. They did not know that great care would be taken to send them over on a clear day.

A Pacific base

These special features, and others that came up later, set the group apart. A special overseas base area was being constructed in the Pacific for its 225 officers and 1,542 men. The location was chosen because it was not too close to the main traffic ways of military aviation in the Pacific.

But there was one big hitch. The powers-that-be in the Pacific did not know of any reason to give "crash" priority to construction for this unknown and unproven group. Elmer E. Kirkpatrick, an engineer and colonel with the Twentieth Air Force, had to fly out to the Pacific to pour on the heat. "Elmer the Expeditor" deserves better than a footnote in history, for without him there would have been impossible delays in putting up shelter for laboratories and a storage place for "The Gimmick."

Towards the end of April the overseas base was finished and the 509th had completed training. On May 6 the first shipment of ground maintenance crews left Seattle in a troopship. They did not, of course, know they were going to the Marianas — to the island of Tinian — where they would still be isolated from other military personnel while they waited for the orders to fly.

In these spring weeks these crews knew nothing of what was to come. Neither did they know that "The Gimmick" had not even been tested and did not really "exist."

In the closing days of April there was also lively activity in Washington. Secretary Stimson collected a group to consider atomic policy and the weapon, which was code-named the S-1. This was the Interim Committee, and some of its decisions swayed history more than most American cabinets have done.

Churchill and Truman meet in 1952. During the war Churchill knew that America was building an atomic bomb—but this was kept secret from Truman, who was then U.S. Vice-President

Stimson was chairman, but he himself said: "The principal labour of guiding its extended deliberations fell to George L. Harrison, who acted as chairman in my absence. . . ."

Truman named James F. Byrnes, his future Secretary of State, as the official representative of the White House. All other members of the committee were officials. This committee "ranged over the whole field of atomic energy, in its political, military, and scientific aspects," as Stimson described it. He said: "The committee's work included the drafting of the statements which were published immediately after the first bombs were dropped, the drafting of a Bill for the domestic control of atomic energy, and recommendations looking toward the international control of atomic energy."

The committee met on May 31 and June 1 in the Pentagon. Since three of its scientific members were not involved in day-to-day work in laboratories, it was thought appropriate to appoint a further advisory scientific panel whose duty would be to furnish technical information.

This advisory panel consisted of Arthur Compton, Enrico Fermi, Ernest O. Lawrence and Robert Oppenheimer. These four men had been scientists and administrators on the Manhattan Project. All except Fermi had more than the usual interest a scientist takes in ethical and political questions arising from his work; all except Oppenheimer had won the Nobel Prize for exceptional work in physics.

This Interim Committee had many technical questions. How certain was it that the bomb would work? Could it be dropped from an aeroplane? What would happen if it did not explode?

The men of the advisory panel were invited to attend the first day of the committee meeting, and it quickly became apparent that they would not merely answer and raise technical questions, but would be welcome to participate fully in all discussions. They could raise questions which the others might or might not have considered.

It was seven weeks since Truman had become President, and it would be seven weeks more before the bomb could actually be tested, but there was little doubt at this meeting that the experiment would work.

As Dr. Compton recalls it, in his book *Atomic Quest*, the meeting began with an electric and eloquent statement by Secretary Stimson: "Gentlemen, it is our responsibility to recommend action that may turn the course of civilization. In our hands we expect soon to have a weapon of wholly unprecedented destructive power."

Stimson then continued: "Today's prime fact is war. Our great task is to bring this war to a prompt and successful conclusion. We may assume that our new weapon puts in our hands overwhelming power. It is our obligation to use this power with the best wisdom we can command." Stimson also emphasized the point he had already emphasized to the President: "To us now the matter of first importance is how our use of this new weapon will appear in the long view of history."

The army's test

First, the committee was given a summary of technical facts about the bomb. The army was planning a test to be held approximately seven weeks from the time of the interim meeting. It was expected that the bomb would work; if it did, it would be an explosion indeed. The supply of bombs thereafter would be extremely limited. Since they were made virtually by hand, perhaps one or two other bombs would be ready soon after the test. Thereafter, the production facilities might deliver one bomb every few weeks.

How many people would be killed by a bomb dropped on a city?

Speaking as a technician, Dr. Oppenheimer answered that 20,000 people would probably be killed. He, and everyone else, assumed that Japanese cities usually had some system of air-raid warning before a raid, and thus the estimate and subsequent decisions were based on the erroneous belief that most people would have found some kind of shelter before the bomb exploded.

How secret could the bomb be kept if it were not used?

General Marshall said that he would be against the use of the new weapon, other things being equal, if it were felt we could continue to keep its existence secret after the war. Use of the bomb would show that we had it, giving other countries an incentive to build bombs, too. If it could be kept quite secret, it would put us in a stronger military position, relative to countries without it, for some years ahead. In his opinion, the weapon was not absolutely needed; it would be costly but possible to win without it.

A discussion of secrecy followed this statement by the Chief of Staff. The scientists present were unanimous: the general outlines of the new atomic knowledge were sure to become known at the end of the war.

At lunch Compton brought into the open the question that would never be completely answered.

Did the first A-bomb have to be aimed to kill? Could not the first one be exploded as a non-military demonstration with the object of asking Japan

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Is this the turning-point for PRINCESS MARGARET?

by RENÉ LECLER

Margaret chats at a university ball. She spoke wistfully to one student, comparing his future with her own

For her the carefree life is ending. As she enters her thirtieth year the Queen's gay sister is turning her back on parties and getting down to work

PRINCESS MARGARET'S partner at a university dance some months ago was one of the senior students. For a few moments they danced in awkward silence. Then Margaret asked the young man what he was studying.

"Geology," he replied.

"And what will you do when you graduate?" she asked. "Go and look for oil, I hope," the young student told her.

For a while they were lost in a world of wildcats, gushers and barrels per day. The dance ended, but the Princess kept her partner talking.

"Where do you think you'll be going?" she finally asked. "I don't know yet," he replied. "Probably Borneo or the West Indies."

"Isn't it exciting!" Margaret exclaimed. Then, a little wistfully, she added: "I don't suppose I shall ever do anything as exciting as that!" Thoughtlessly the young man chipped in: "Oh, I don't know, Ma'am. Girls do, you know."

"Yes, but princesses don't," Margaret replied.

A few months later the Queen's younger sister was dining with friends at a West End club. During one of the pauses in conversation, the Princess turned to her neighbour, a shipping man, and casually asked him what he would be doing the next morning. "I'll be going to the office, I suppose," he replied.

Margaret mused on this and then said quietly: "I'd love to have something to do tomorrow morning. . . ."

This new preoccupation with work and the employment of her time has become very apparent in recent months to those who meet the Princess during her slightly blue moods. And now the news that the Queen is to have a baby makes it inevitable that she will have more public duties thrust upon her.

Most of her friends agree that, for a long time, work was not Princess Margaret's main pursuit, and her part in the Royal Family's activities has always been vague and obscure. But as one of her friends put it, she has now "snapped out of the daydreams of the young girl and reorganized her life, sensibly and intelligently."

She has been more choosey over the engagements she has accepted, and has taken more trouble in preparing for them. In doing so, she has begun to evolve a pattern for her place in the nation's life. And as she is a very original young woman, the pattern is likely to be startlingly original.

Too little to do

Gradually, court officials are being conquered by her obvious wish for more interesting occupations. Many of them are conscious, too, that Britain could well make more use of the Princess's charm, beauty and intelligence, and that she has been consistently under-estimated in the past, and given too little to do.

During the whole of last year, Princess Margaret fulfilled forty-two engagements, of which only twenty-two could be considered to have any real impact on the life of the nation, and only one—her visit to the West Indies for the birth of the Federation—could be called memorable. She held three audiences (two of them for retiring army colonels), launched one ship, paid one-day visits to seven cities and three-hour visits to ten voluntary bodies and charitable organizations, attended four State occasions, one fashion show, three church services, three charity balls, paid three calls at hospitals and three at schools, attended three film and theatre shows and visited one factory.

This was a year's activity for a young woman of whom Robert Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, once said: "She is one of the most intelligent young people I have ever met," and whom Noel Coward and Peter Ustinov, who know her well, have described as "potentially a great star."

Such qualities make more difficult the rôle she has to play as the Queen's younger sister. She is too near the Throne not to be overshadowed by it and thus lives perpetually in an atmosphere in which a more mediocre personality might feel at ease.

But the Princess, who was twenty-nine last week, is no mediocrity. She could stand on her own feet anywhere and, as her friends insist, could make a success of any one of at least three different careers—as advertising consultant, as a dress designer, or as an entertainer.

Visiting an exhibition some time ago, she stopped at a stall run by a famous food firm and mischievously entertained the staff by mimicking the firm's television slogan. Then she gave it her honest and serious criticism.

On another occasion, dining with a friend who works for an advertising agency, she was surprised to find him rather glum. He was, he told her, preoccupied by copy demanded by a well-known soft drinks firm. Brightly, Margaret said: "Well, we can't have you worrying over such things tonight . . ." and, getting all her friends into the act, she had, by the end of the evening, evolved an advertising formula which the firm eventually accepted.

She has written two highly competent children's books, one a rip-roaring adventure tale and the other a fairy story. Since princesses are not supposed to write, the stories were not published, although the Queen's children have appreciated them.

What she reads

She is an avid reader, but her enthusiasm sometimes appears to cover too wide a field. Her taste is often decidedly *avant-garde*. Not long ago the Queen Mother picked up a book which her daughter had left in the Clarence House living-room, thumbed through it and exclaimed to a friend: "I just don't know what Margaret sees in these things. . . ."

In one week last year, in addition to reading *Dr. Zhivago*, the Princess got through a novel on ancient Crete, a book of blank verse by a French poet and a book of memoirs.

She has discussed philosophy with Bertrand Russell, archaeology with Sir Mortimer Wheeler and modern ballet with John Cranko. Her questions are never vague but usually slightly irreverent and argumentative.

She reads a vast number of

From gaiety . . . to work. Left, Princess Margaret sparkles at a Hurlingham Club ball. Now, says a friend, "she has snapped out of the daydreams"; she chooses engagements such as her visit, below, to Keele's university college

Princess Margaret

continued from previous page

magazines, and morning after morning, those she has looked at are stacked in a corner until someone decides to take them away. One such periodical recently reached the wards of a London hospital with its margins full of acid comments in the Princess's own handwriting. She also reads most national newspapers.

When one august publication recently came out with an article on the Royal Academy's Exhibition, the editor received a letter from the Hon. Iris Peake, Margaret's Lady-in-Waiting, which read: "Her Royal Highness directs me to write to you regarding an error which appears to have crept in. . . ." On another occasion, when judges of a difficult crossword competition came to scrutinize the seven correct entries, one of them read: "The Princess Margaret, Clarence House, London." The Princess got her prize: a book token.

Duffer at maths

Margaret makes no bones about knowing nothing of science or mathematics. When, at a Balmoral party last summer, a guest suggested a game of mental arithmetic, she exclaimed: "That leaves me out . . . I can't add for toffee."

Against this, her knowledge of films, the theatre and especially of music, classical and modern, is acknowledged among those close to the Royal Family. The Queen Mother once told a friend who said she might see a certain play: "Have you talked to Margaret? She knows all about these things."

The arts have been more frequently recognized in recent Honours Lists, but Princess Margaret has been given little opportunity to make use of her undoubted knowledge in this field. "The trouble is," a friend of the Princess said, "that her tastes are not always popular. She loves the John Osborne or the Brendan Behan touch and thoroughly approves of all that 'little theatre' stuff which does not always get the official pat on the back."

Too often, the intelligent, witty and versatile Princess is a royal square peg in a round hole. Her training enables her to perform the duties she is given with polished ease. But it is also true that she often rebels at being given jobs in which she has little interest, and which have been turned down by other members of the Royal Family. Her temper often flares at such times.

Some invitations reach her directly at Clarence House and others are suggested to her by Buckingham Palace. There is no doubt that Princess Margaret favours those organizations or people who approach her personally.

Her first journey to the West Indies, for instance, was a State suggestion. Margaret, it appears, gladly went, although she had some doubts about her own usefulness there.

Last year when the budding Federation faced its opening day, word reached Buckingham Palace that a member of the Royal Family ought to be present and suggesting that perhaps Princess Margaret might be available. At the same time, and a trifle unconstitutionally, an invitation was sent to Clarence House. Margaret was delighted. She spent weeks preparing her journey, learning about West Indies history and polishing up the technique for meeting people which she has borrowed from the Queen.

On tour, the Princess is a different person. She is the boss, firm and kind, well able to make up her own mind and, although she is not physically strong, apparently quite tireless.

To travel far and wide has lately become her great passion. Last year, the Queen Mother decided to go to Rome on a private visit. As soon as the Princess heard about it, she asked: "What about me? I'd love to go, too." No plans had been made for Margaret to be included, but she did not rest until she was allowed to go.

She is lonely

Once in Rome, in April this year, mother and daughter went strictly their own ways.

This desire for travel may well be inspired by her restricted life in London. Princess Margaret is also a lonely person.

"She is," said one of her friends, "the only girl I know who spends two months every summer in the company of her sister and her sister's husband." The fact is that when holiday time comes along, Margaret has nowhere special to go and no invitations. Most of her friends, with the exception of the faithful Billy Wallace and the Rev. Simon Phipps, have married, moved to the country or found new interests which she cannot share. Margaret is left almost alone.

She once told a friend: "My friends nowadays seem to belong either to the twenties or the forties. My own decade has been wiped off the map."

There is evidence that she has a slight chip on her shoulder over popular efforts to get her safely married. Not long ago when she was visiting the University College of North Staffordshire, of which she is president, she fell to discussing literature with a faculty member. He was so impressed by her knowledge and judgment that he jokingly said: "Ma'am, why don't you take a job as professor here?"

Margaret quickly replied: "What, and deny people their chance of marrying off a princess?"

Most of her friends are convinced that one day Margaret will make up her mind about the man of her choice, although her relationship with possible suitors is complicated by an odd twist of her character.

Unlike the Queen Mother, who has the unusual gift of being all things to all men while at the same time remaining truly royal, Margaret finds this combination hard to achieve. One friend of many years, now married, offered this candid comment: "You cannot get far if one minute you encourage a friend to call you Margaret and the next insist on Ma'am. . . ."

Yet the popular image of Princess Margaret as a girl brooding over a broken love affair and retiring either into mock solitude or forced gaiety is far from the truth. She is in the midst of a complicated tussle between what she is and what people think she should be.

Mercurial, changeable, sometimes moody and often unpredictable, but always vividly herself, she is trying hard to give meaning to her own life —a life which could so easily be unimportant and dull. Without any of Prince Philip's executive ability or the Queen's sense of what is important, she could yet bring to any job an unusual gift of imagination.

Not long ago, when she was visiting a literary exhibition, her comments were so refreshingly wise that her guide, a prominent publisher, half jokingly told her that she was fast becoming Britain's cultural ambassador —a sort of one-woman British Council.

The pretty Princess looked up at him wide-eyed and smiling slightly, but for the first time on such an occasion, she said nothing. It may be that the suggestion was a little too near the truth as she sees it. THE END

"You have an appointment with death," the strange young man had said. "I have seen the inscription on your tombstone"

It's a date

by JOHN NIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Rod grabbed George. "Get him in the car, quick," he panted. George struggled madly, but they flung him into the seat by the driver

It started in such a small way, that Saturday evening a few years ago at the local cricket club. The match was over and the bar was crammed with both teams, members and friends. At one end of the bar Flimwell was ribbing George Downs.

Flimwell is one of those funny men who seem to get a perverted pleasure out of ribbing the person least likely to take it. George Downs was a huge man, very good at all games, with a nasty temper and no sport.

Somebody was talking about the spate of initials cricketers go in for and how you wouldn't recognize some of them if you saw their full names.

"Well, take George here," said Flimwell, having another go, "Known him all my life as George A. Downs. But does anyone know what the 'A' stands for? Come on, George, own up."

George, hunched over the bar, was obviously considering whether to sling his can of beer over Flimwell, when a voice, a very distinctive voice, said: "It's Augustus."

George spun round on his stool. "Who said that? Who's been sticking his blasted nose into my business?"

A lot of men don't like their middle names and quietly drop them. George was riled, the name was obviously anathema to him and the man who had spoken was a youngster, a visitor to the club, scarcely more than a schoolboy, slender as a girl, and with the same delicate complexion. He and his parents had been over from abroad on a visit, and people had brought them along to the club. Now the parents had gone back and the boy was to follow them shortly.

He'd had a drink or two, was on top of the world, and thought we were all one big band of happy brothers. But, though he appeared to know George's middle name, he evidently didn't know George's nature.

"It *is* Augustus, you know," he said in his high-pitched voice.

"Nobody else knew until you blabbed it all over the place," said George. "I don't know how you know, but keep your big mouth shut. I won't have people spying on me. Least of all a stinking half-breed."

The youngster went scarlet. There was a hush and then an indignant murmur. It was true that the boy's mother wasn't white, but anything more beautiful, more highly-bred and charming we had never encountered. There wasn't a man there who wouldn't have taken a poke at George Downs's jaw for that remark.

The boy stepped forward and for a moment we thought he was going to set about George. Then he stopped and, pointing in the air as though the words hung there invisibly between them, he read out almost in a scream:

"George Augustus Downs,
Born 29th February, 1928,
Died 13th March, 1959."

And underneath he drew a fierce obliterating line.

There was a sudden hush throughout the entire bar.

"That's a nice thing to say," said George, obviously very shaken, looking round at all of us for support. "You all heard him. He practically wished me dead."

"Who hasn't?" said Flimwell. "One thing, we know your birthday, too. Jim"—to the barman—"chalk it up—drinks on Mr. Downs every leap year."

"It isn't," said George, recovering

GILBERT HARDING ASKS...

Does the fat lady make you laugh?

THOSE bulging seaside shops that spill shrimping nets and gay buckets on to the pavements always flaunt racks of postcards, some plain for the prudish, others comic for people like me.

I remember shocking a friend of mine who was strolling with me at Brighton when I kept on pausing, with evident relish, before racks of what he called "vulgar" postcards.

Of course these crude picture postcards featuring the tremendous behinds of red bathing-costumed mammas, as broad as the joke beneath, are vulgar. But they are very British.

We have been laughing at big women and skinny husbands, red-nosed drunks and honeymoon couples ever since Chaucer's day.

If you find these cards unsubtle and unfunny, or if their jokes, that are said to have double meanings, do call up in your mind all sorts of wild obscenities, why, you can always buy a glossy view of the Marine Parade or send your aunt one of those concertina-like cards that open out beneath a little flap to reveal twelve small views.

They, too, have their charms.

But I like the stout, stout-drinking, cheerful, winking men and women of the comic cards, because they exude a jollity and happiness more bracing, even, than the sea's ozone. The poor little donkeys they bestride, like the drunks with the glowing red noses, may have a lot more to carry than they can manage, but at least these good people are enjoying themselves.

Trippers' fun

These comic cards recognize a fact there is no disputing—the British on holiday do very strange things. And thank heaven we do; we are sober-sided enough, in all conscience, for all the rest of the year.

There are, of course, two kinds of holidaymakers: the lucky people who are staying at a resort and the day trippers who descend upon the place and, human nature being what it is, draw down upon themselves the scorn of the fortnighters.

Many of the cards feature trippers; that is why some people are snooty about them. But, if you have only one day by the sea, the fun must be fast and furious. Dad will off with his coat and show his braces and roll up his trousers over his pale pathetic knees. Mum may wear a funny hat and, under the twin, powerful influences of stout and the proximity of the sea, do a "knees up, Mother Brown!" And why not?

Englishmen will always like to stroll along the prom-prom-prom where the band goes tiddly-om-pom-pom and have a whale of a time, even though a coach is waiting to take them home at sunset.

But not only the tripper is funny beside the sea. We all are.

Father, for some reason, has always been the butt of many of the postcard jokes. Today he usually looks like a Miami millionaire, in his full-colour beach shirt. But, from my own observations at Brighton, he is still very patient and sorely put upon.

I watch, with admiration, fathers going about burdened like packhorses, hung around with pails, inflatable rubber rings, flasks, towels, frog-feet (they, surely, are a fit subject for a comic card) and all kinds of impedimenta.

Parking passion

Fathers still dig and make sandpies long after their more sophisticated offspring have grown weary and bored.

Worthy of note, too, is some people's passion for being in a crowd: Brighton beach sometimes looks as though thousands of seals have assembled for the breeding season. Less understandable is the habit of parking cars quite close together when there are miles of roadside or country available for the family picnic. We may have to live semi-detached lives for all the rest of the year, but need we do it on holiday?

But holiday time is no time to be grumpy, as the comic cards remind me. For a fortnight, at least, we are happier, more irresponsible, more flamboyant and, yes, funny, than we usually are.

A rack of cards makes this plain. I like to see them because English popular art is only too inclined to lose its vigour, edge, and vulgarity. Our seaside postcards are a robust reminder that we have not quite lost the gross, but vital, humour that bubbled up in the drawings of such eighteenth - century masters as Rowlandson and Hogarth.

I suppose it is a monstrous imposition for people to say, "Drop us a card!" when we go away on holiday. Sometimes they are the very people it is a holiday to forget for a couple of weeks. But we all relent and, before a holiday is over, send off a flight of cards declaring resolutely that we are "having a wonderful time."

I have found that the people who find the comic cards "silly" or even "vulgar" are usually the paleskins, people who are not in the robust holiday mood.

That only makes sending them a card even more fun. THE END

continued from previous page

himself and showing great relief. "He's got it wrong. My birthday's in March. And now, you little pipsqueak, I'll be waiting for you in the car park." And with that threat he pushed his way out.

We let him cool off out there for a bit and then a crowd of us went out with young Trevor Ansell—that was the boy's name—and one of the chaps took him home in his car.

The whole incident might have been forgotten except that a few days later George's elder sister asked him to call on their solicitor to sign some papers. She had put a considerable sum into a joint annuity.

"And be careful to give your date of birth correctly," she said; she always treated George as if he were a particularly backward schoolboy.

"Of course," said George. "Think I'm a fool? Third of March."

"But it isn't," said his sister. "Your birthday was the twenty-ninth of February, nineteen twenty-eight. The reason we've always called your birthday the third of March was because Father's friend, old Mr. Mannering, said it was a shame you should only have a birthday once every four years, and so he gave you his. I believe he did it legally, too, by deed of gift or something. Why, George, you've gone quite white. . . !"

FOR the next few days George was sick. When he'd pulled himself together, he traced young Ansell to furnished rooms and called on him. Ansell wasn't looking well.

"If you're thinking of hitting me," he said wearily, "please not here."

"I don't want to hit you," said George.

They went up to the boy's room.

"A nice turn you gave me," said George in an injured voice.

"I lost my temper," Ansell said. "But you are right, I shouldn't have said it, and I have been punished."

"I can't understand why you picked on that date—only five years ahead. You can see I'm good for another fifty. All my family are long livers."

The boy said nothing.

"I mean, *why* that date?" said George.

"Because it is the date," said Ansell finally.

"The date I'm going to die?"

The boy hesitated, then he said:

"My mother is of the ruling dynasty in my country, kings and high priests you know.

"When she married my father, my mother left her people. It was agreed that I should be brought up as a white boy. But there are things born in me. I have told no one, not even her. For instance, when I meet anyone I have certain feelings about, strong feelings, those I don't altogether like——"

"You mean those you damn well hate," said George.

"Yes," agreed the boy. "I look at them. I see them, but I see something else, something that gives me a feeling of power over them, so that I am no longer frightened of them.

"I see their graves. I read what is on it. I know when they will die. Nothing else, just that. I saw your grave, a large affair, with railings and a carved figure. There are two names on a panel —your father's and mother's—and on the other panel I saw your details, as I read them out to you. That was all. I just read them out."

"I see," said George.

"I should never have told," Ansell said, shaking his head. "It is forbidden to tell. Our priests would die first. It was the white man in me, I suppose. But I have been punished. I have had my own date revealed to me, and I know exactly how you feel."

"Yes," said George, not heeding. "I say, can't you give me some hint as to how it will happen? It must be an accident or something. If I knew, I could take precautions."

The boy looked doubtful.

"I don't think that will work," he said. "But I'll try to find out. Not that there's much time; I'm flying back the day after tomorrow. If I get any lead, I'll phone you."

A day or so later the telephone rang. "It's me," said the high-pitched voice, "Trevor Ansell. I'm at the airport; we were due out this morning but there's a fog and we had to wait. I've been asleep and had a sort of dream about you. It's a car crash."

"What is?" said George.

"Your destiny," the boy said. "I saw you in the wreck of a car. I think you were dead.

"It was at seven-thirty. It was daylight and I remember seeing the clock on the car's dashboard. Oh, and Mr. Downs, one other thing. The car's number plate—it was snapped off but the number started with the letters G.K. . . . They're just calling us for the flight. I've got to go. I'm really very sorry, Mr. Downs, honest I am. When you read your newspaper, try not to think too badly of me."

THAT evening on the nine o'clock news George heard the announcement of the plane crash.

"Serve him damn well right," grumbled George. "He's out of it, and I've got another five years in which to worry about it."

Worry George certainly did. His temper grew impossible. And all the time that date kept drawing nearer.

Long ago, George had had it worked out. He'd decided that on the fateful day he would go right away where he knew no one, take a room at an hotel, and not venture outside.

And that was what he did. He went to Midchurch, a brisk manufacturing town, with a busy commercial hotel. He went to bed early on the night of the twelfth, with a bottle of whisky for support, and locked himself in.

The next thing he knew, he was awakened by the girl knocking at the door the following morning with his breakfast. He looked at his watch. It was nine o'clock, and it was Friday the thirteenth of March.

It was while he was moodily eating that his eye fell on his wrist-watch. One thing, he'd got safely by the first seven-thirty; the next time would be in the evening.

Then it dawned on him. In early March, at seven-thirty in the morning, it is daylight, but at seven-thirty at night it is dark, and young Ansell had specially mentioned daylight. He was over the dangerous period.

He flung back the curtains; it was a glorious day; he whistled as he shaved. Life stretched endlessly before him.

He had lunch in the dining-room. He still had no intention of going out—just in case—but as he stood at the open door of the hotel lounge, it was so fine a day he thought he'd nip along the road for some fags. Of course he'd take no chances, wouldn't cross the road or anything foolish. And no power on earth would get him into a car.

BECAUSE it was lunchtime, the street was quiet. He was passing a bank. Two men emerged, carrying identical bags. A car drew up quietly at the kerb and three men got out and walked unhurriedly across the pavement. They had overcoats on with the collars turned up.

Simultaneously things happened. The three men dived at the two men who had come out of the bank and grabbed at the bags they carried. One of the cashiers flung the bag down and ran away, holding his arms about his head like a child afraid of being hit. The other, an old man, hung on tenaciously. In the struggle the bandit's scarf came away. George saw the chap's face distinctly, the long thin mean mouth and a scar.

Then the cashier and the bandit tripped and fell. The old man's hat went rolling over the pavement and, as George's eye instinctively followed it, he had an impression of a bright light low down that flashed and vanished. He never consciously heard the explosion. The bandit was scrambling to his feet. The old man was slumped against the wall.

From a distance of a few yards the

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THE WILDEST GAME · 4

by PETER RYHINER
and Daniel P. Mannix

Author Peter Ryhiner with a chimpanzee at the Philadelphia Zoo. He trapped many monkeys on his hunting trips

With rhinos, leopards, cobras, we were tossed in a terrifying storm. Helplessly I stood by as the waves battered their cages

Trapped at sea—with a cargo of killers

QUIETLY the natives and I crept closer. Guided by the sound of crashing branches in a tree, we located the orang-utan, a fine male with huge arms and covered with long reddish-brown hair. He weighed about two hundred pounds and was five feet, six inches tall—altogether a very formidable-looking animal.

My problem now was to get him down to the ground.

The reason for this trip of mine to the jungles of Borneo eight years ago was to capture a couple of orangs for the Colombo Zoo. The chap in the tree was the first we had seen after several weeks' hunting. But, although I watched him the entire afternoon, he showed not the slightest sign of wanting to descend.

I studied the tree carefully. It would have to be cut down. First, though, some of the limbs needed to be cut off to prevent the orang from reaching neighbouring trees. I pointed out these limbs to my men and assigned a man to each one. Then I sent back to the river nearby for a heavy net, made of strong hemp rope, that was in our dugout canoes.

When evening came, the orang began to build his nest for the night by the simple method of sitting on a limb and pulling down all the smaller branches within reach to form a pile around him. Then he curled up in the middle and went to sleep.

Just before dawn, we quietly took up our positions around the tree. The men assigned to the limb-cutting started to climb with their knives in their teeth. When each man was in place, I shouted the signal to start cutting.

The blows sounded like rifle shots in the pre-dawn stillness. Birds began to scream and the men shouted in their excitement. It was light enough to see the old male sit up in his nest, obviously wondering what was happening. Then he tried to reach the nearest tree but as he took hold of the branch, it fell, cut through at the base. He started back, giving a roar of surprise and anger. We were all shouting to bewilder him and instead of trying to escape from the nesting tree, he only climbed higher. The other connecting limbs dropped and he was a prisoner.

When it was fully daylight and we could see what we were doing, ten of the best men and myself took up our positions with the net. When all was ready, I gave the signal to start cutting down the tree. This was the critical moment and I was sweating from nervousness.

At the first blows of the axe, the orang jumped nervously as he felt the vibrations on the tree trunk. He started down, changed his mind, and went up again. The axe men worked with a will, cutting the trunk so that the tree would drop into an open space where my men and I were ready with the net. The chips flew. Then came a rending noise as the tree began to totter. The axe men ran for their lives, the tree swayed and then came sweeping down, hitting with a stunning crash. As soon as it struck, we rushed it with the net. The orang was still clinging to the branches as we threw the net over him but once he felt the meshes, he let go and began to fight.

Battle with a fury

Although I thought that I was fully prepared for his great strength, I felt as though we had netted a bull elephant. Time after time he reared up, screaming with fury, and tearing at the heavy cords with his huge teeth. Each time we had to jerk him off balance while continuing to wind the net tighter around him. At last, he was as helpless as a man in a straitjacket. We tied him to a long pole carried by four men and hurried back to the dugouts.

I offered the men a bonus for speed and they made the dugouts fly on the journey back to the oil company station near Samarinda, in the interior, where I was staying. Every hour counted. Although of all the great apes only orangs are sufficiently tractable to be captured when adults, they are extremely emotional and subject to shock. It was absolutely necessary for me to get this fellow out of the net and into a large, comfortable cage.

Although we got back to the station within two days, the orang refused to eat when we put him in his cage. He sat, drooping and miserable. I tried every trick I knew but he steadfastly ignored me. I decided to give him one more day. Then if he did not eat, I'd liberate him. Certainly a dead orang was of no use to me and besides I could not watch this magnificent old fellow pine away before my eyes.

Then I got word that some natives in a nearby village had a pet female orang that they wished to sell. I went there at once. The female was quite young, weighing only about eighty pounds, and a perfect pet. To my surprise, she was in splendid condition without a sign of any of the usual ailments of captive apes. She was quite happy to go with me and I hurried back to camp, reasoning that if I had to liberate the male, at least I now had a female.

I held on to her hand as she walked over to examine the male, for I was afraid to let her get too near the bars . . . the old fellow was too unpredictable. She went as close as I'd let her

The wildest game

continued from previous page

and stood making little sucking noises.

The old male was sitting in his usual mood of deep dejection, but as soon as he saw the little female, he sat up blinking as though he couldn't believe his eyes. Then he came over to the bar, still obviously unable to believe this miracle. He reached out but I wouldn't let him touch her; she was so small that I was afraid he might drag her against the bars and hurt her. They had a long conversation in orang-utan language, she apparently asking him why he was so grumpy and he begging her not to leave him.

At last, I gave the female some food, afterwards passing the bowl in to the old male. After a few cautious sniffs, he began to eat. From that time on, we didn't have any trouble with him. I put them together a few days later and the old fellow was very gentle with the little girl. In fact, she ruled the cage, always taking first pick of the food while her gigantic consort stood humbly by until she'd taken all the titbits out of the plate.

Later, I got four other orangs, all from villagers. On arrival in Ceylon I turned the old male and his little wife over to the Colombo Zoo. This left me four orangs that I could sell in Europe. I decided to send them by plane as soon as they were a little older.

Meanwhile, I set about picking up some other animals for a shipment by boat. I cabled my friend and helper, Shaik Subrati in India to join me and together we made a nice little collection of animals from local dealers, including three young tigers bred in the Colombo Zoo. A young Belgian who'd had some experience with animals was returning to Antwerp and, for the price of his passage, agreed to take care of the animals during the voyage. I made arrangements to load the cargo on a ship that was stopping at Colombo.

The day before the ship was due, I received a cable from my lovely Eurasian wife Mercia, who was in Switzerland. She was flying out to join me. Naturally, I was half frantic with delight.

The ship arrived the next day and I loaded my cargo. The captain was very unpleasant and overbearing.

Trouble over tigers

I was preparing to meet Mercia at the airport when the young Belgian came to the hotel almost in tears. The captain had decided that the tiger cages were too weak and had ordered the animals to be off-loaded. The tigers were now on a flat in the middle of the bay under Subrati's care.

Worse still, the customs men refused to allow the tigers to be landed. They argued: "As the tigers have been on an English ship, they are now English and cannot be imported into Ceylon."

Thus I had three tigers on a flat in the middle of the harbour and couldn't bring them ashore or put them on the ship. I managed to get permission for the flat to tie up alongside the dock as long as the cages were not put ashore. Meanwhile, Mercia arrived, looking as though she had just emerged from a beauty salon.

After our first greeting, I told her what had happened. Mercia listened quietly. "An Englishman, you say?" she commented thoughtfully. "Old colonial type? You leave this to me."

We drove to the hotel, followed by another taxi crammed with Mercia's multitudinous paraphernalia. Mercia shooed me out of the room while she changed. A few minutes later she emerged in a pair of high, spiked heels, the shortest shorts I have ever seen, and a too-tight blouse. When I protested she snapped: "Get those cages alongside the ship. We're loading."

I hurried down to the wharf. Subrati and I got the cages out to the ship.

The cages were loaded without trouble, Mercia directing the crew where to stow them. The captain followed her, whinneying like a stallion. Mercia introduced me as her husband but the captain only glared at me as much as to say: "What the devil are you doing here?" and continued to pursue Mercia, making little chuckling noises and stroking his moustache.

The Belgian came aboard and the ship weighed anchor. I wanted Mercia to leave with us but she said: "No, you idiot. This fat fool thinks I'm going with him to Europe. He could still have the animals off-loaded. I'll go ashore with the pilot boat."

I was still concerned about her and, as soon as we returned to the docks, I hired a power boat and followed the ship. When the pilot was dropped, I picked up Mercia. The captain, his face the colour of a ripe tomato, leaned over the rail screaming insults at white men who married blacky-whites, the dishonesty of foreigners, and so on.

We had no more concern over our cargo. It was heavily covered by insurance and the insurance company would hold the captain strictly responsible for any loss.

Subrati left me soon afterwards to return to India. His family had arranged for him to marry a beautiful young girl of eighteen (Subrati was well over fifty) and not even the animal business could compete with that attraction. The little orangs were now old enough to risk the long flight to Europe, and Mercia agreed to go with them. As it would be autumn when they arrived, she knitted pullovers for the babies, although measuring them turned out to be a tremendous task.

I was deluged with orders for Indonesian animals and spent six months trapping in the archipelago.

I was able to get several of the beautiful clouded leopards, which are not really leopards at all but a giant wildcat. I also got some of the exquisite mouse deer, no bigger than a small rabbit, and a number of the strange antenna snakes that have feelers like a catfish and live in swamps.

Quest for a dragon

All during my trapping, there was one animal ever present in my mind: the famous Komodo dragon. These great lizards have been called "the last of the dinosaurs." Reaching a length of twelve feet or more, and weighing as much as three hundred pounds, they are found only on a chain of four islands, Komodo, Padar, Rintja and Flores, to the east of Bali. At that time, there was none in captivity in Europe or the United States.

I moved heaven and earth trying to get a permit to capture some of the dragons, but without success. Still, I wasn't discouraged. I took a trading schooner that made trips from Bali through the archipelago and after ten days arrived at Komodo Island.

Komodo is volcanic. The centre is a vast mass of curious sugarloaf mountains, surrounded by ridges of jagged rock that are almost unclimbable. The rest of the island is mostly jungle. There is a little town on the island, ruled over by a local sultan, and a population of a few hundred Malayans. For a small sum, a native family gave me a room in their house.

The next day I went out, with two

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No, Like This!

"I came round as soon as I saw the swarm. I knew you'd need some help. Very few people really understand the best way of handling bees."

"The bees seem quite happy about my methods. They always choose my monkey-puzzle to swarm in."

"And I bet you leave them so nervously disturbed that the honey yield goes down, at least in quality."

"All I care about at the moment is whether *I'm* nervously disturbed. As you're here, you can hold the steps."

"You're surely not proposing to take the swarm *upwards*? You need a ladder. Then you can come at it from the direction of the sun. You're not scented in any way, I hope? At swarming-time the olfactory sense——"

"I've got some aniseed in the turn-ups of my trousers. Now, if you'd——"

"Smoke-bellows, h'm. Rather an old-fashioned model. The right smoke to use is one with a low acid-content."

"I warn you, these bees get enraged by the sound of the human voice."

"Oh, if you don't *want* me to help. . . ." GEOFFREY RICHARDS

Next Time, Maybe

We've found the perfect picnic spot,
The one that can't be beaten.
We've found it when we always find
Delightful places of this kind:
Just after having eaten.

RICHARD ARMOUR

The Human Element

My neighbour's lawn is smooth and green,
But mine is bald and brown.
My neighbour's fence is firm and clean,
But mine is tumbling down.

His flowering bed's a perfect plot,
His trees are never messed with;
But then, my neighbour hasn't got
The youngsters that I'm blessed with!

NOEL SCOTT

Invitation Postponed

Dear Aunt Moira,

We were looking forward to asking you over this week, but things are rather at sixes and sevens as Wilcox has been bitten by a rug. He was showing some visitors how far he could get his hand into the mouth of the bear when he slipped and his knee hit the top of the head and the jaw shut. It was not a bad bite, but the jaw got locked.

The visitors were not much help as all they could suggest was knocking out the teeth, and this would have ruined the look of the room. I doubt if you could get false teeth for rugs.

We wrapped the skin round Wilcox's arm as best we could and he supported the bear's head with his other hand while I drove him to the doctor; but the receptionist said that it was a job for the dentist. Then the dentist's receptionist said that it was a job for a vet and the vet's receptionist told us to go to a taxidermist.

Luckily I collided with that island at the end of the High Street again and the jolt freed Wilcox. We are so looking forward to seeing you when he has recovered from the shock.

Love to all of you, Sylvia.

R. G. G. PRICE

Cheer For Mummy

Are you sorry your holiday's nearly over, Mummy?

Yes.

Still, it will be quite fun to see what home looks like again, won't it?

Oh, quite.

And having the first meal that you'll have cooked for a fortnight.

I can hardly wait.

And won't it be funny having to wash up again?

I'll die laughing at that.

And going to the laundrette on Monday. I bet the ironing will be hanging round the kitchen for weeks this time, don't you? I said I bet the ironing——

I heard you. Why don't you go and see what Daddy's doing?

He's standing by himself throwing stones in the sea. He seems a bit sad today, doesn't he?

You'd better go and cheer him up.

Should I have a chat with him about the garden? The grass will be easily a foot tall now, won't it?

Easily.

And there are all the things he said he'd do when he got back—mending the fence and helping Granny to move her furniture. Do you think he's forgotten about helping Granny to move?

You could remind him.

Do you think the holiday has really made a different man of him as Granny said?

A poorer one, anyway.

Yes, so we'll have to save up again, won't we? And you and I will do the scrubbing instead of having Mrs. Smith. Gosh, won't it be fun to do the scrubbing ourselves, Mummy? I said. . . .

LIONEL DAVIDSON

The end-of-school rush is on. But as the "bulge" children flock out into the working world many find it offers "dead-ends"—or the dole

We've got to find them jobs

by HARRY HOPKINS

School-leavers meet the unemployed in a youth employment bureau. For them all, the future looks bleak

It is ten thirty on Friday morning. Beneath the redbrick Methodist Central Hall in the narrow main street of Tonypandy a small crowd of men are gathered. Beside them, a knot of teenagers, some in drainpipe trousers, with D.A. or Tony Curtis haircuts, lean against or perch on the battered guard-rails on the corner.

The men, unemployed, are signing on at the labour exchange on the right of the road. The boys, unemployed, are reporting to the youth employment office on the left of it.

When they reach eighteen, they will cross the road to sign on at the labour exchange, as more fortunate contemporaries move from school to college.

In May, there were 120 "under eighteens" without jobs in the Rhondda. More than a quarter of them were school-leavers who had not been able to get a start at all; and soon, as the school year ends, they will be joined by a flow of others.

Though South Wales, of course, has its peculiar difficulties, in many parts of Britain this summer boys and girls are facing a similar abrupt and disconcerting narrowing of horizons. The "birth-rate bulge" is beginning to emerge from the secondary schools.

For the "bulge" arrives on the labour market at a time when, for a number of reasons, among them the recent recession, many large concerns have been contracting their training programmes. True, difficulties have so far largely been masked by children deciding to stay on at school until a suitable "opening" should occur. But this, while a welcome development, may be merely postponing the crisis: by 1962, the peak of the school-leaving bulge, there will be fifty per cent more fifteen-year-olds than in 1956.

Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, Minister of Education, long ago put on record the official view that, far from being an embarrassment, the "bulge children" represent for the nation a "once-for-all opportunity" to secure the many skills it must have to hold its own in this technological age.

The sentiment has been widely echoed. But how soon will the "opening with prospects" which so many thousands of boys and girls are now anxiously seeking in fact materialize?

As they wait for their interviews in the youth employment office in Westgate Street, Cardiff, young people can fill in the time studying a bold chart displayed on the wall. A black graph-line represents the numbers of local school-leavers wanting and suited for apprentice training in skilled jobs. It covers several years—and rises in an impressive hump.

Below the black line runs a dotted green line. This represents the number of apprenticeships available. It remains depressingly level. Soaring above both a red line indicates the total of Cardiff school-leavers.

"It's heartbreaking"

At present, more than one in every three Cardiff youngsters is failing to find the training in skill he or she is judged fitted for.

Timothy Colville, the city's chief youth employment officer, says: "It's a terrible problem. To have to sit here, week after week, and explain to them that perhaps they're not going to get what they want and are suited for, well, it's heartbreaking."

A youngster's prospects are often all too dependent on his home's location in Britain. Now the bulge seems likely to accentuate, rather painfully, this maldistribution of opportunity.

Take, for instance, a child who was born in and went to school in a comparatively isolated seaside resort.

In pre-bulge Bournemouth, a town of 150,000 people, there was normally a deficiency in craft and engineering apprenticeships of some twenty per cent. This year there will be 1,400 school-leavers, against 1,100 in 1956; by 1962, the peak year, there will be 1,800. Meanwhile, the one large engineering plant in the vicinity, the de Havilland aircraft works, is closing down its local training school.

Some of Bournemouth's would-be engineers, it seems fairly clear, are going to have to make a "second best" choice. There are many vacancies in the hotels for waiters.

The large postwar migration from the big cities to the "new towns" and out-country estates seems likely to produce parallel problems. In Harlow, with its high proportion of young marrieds, "bulge" seems scarcely an adequate term. Between 1956 and 1965, it is estimated, fifteen-year-olds will increase by five hundred per cent.

There has been little difficulty in finding openings for teenagers in Harlow so far. But Ben Hyde Harvey, the development corporation's manager, warns: "There *will* be a problem—that seems inevitable. And it will be the biggest and most significant ever."

In almost every part of Britain today, youth employment officers share these anxieties, in greater or lesser degree. For, until quite recently, towns like Cardiff or Bournemouth, or counties like Cornwall and Devon, with limited industrial opportunities, "exported" school-leavers under an official training allowances scheme.

But now, even in big centres of modern industry, the situation is dramatically reversed. Firms which once courted youngsters from all over Britain are now finding difficulty in absorbing all the available local talent.

In Birmingham, Britain's most prosperous and versatile engineering metropolis, the birth-rate bulge hit the schools two years early. And, once again, the pattern that is shaping can clearly be read in the charts.

One-third of all apprenticeships today are in engineering, now our vital industry. Yet even here, in Birmingham, the columns for "skilled engineering" show the "occupation obtained" column now falling well short of the "desired." In sharp contrast, in the columns for "unskilled engineering" the "obtained" column soars above the "desired."

You might call it the Frustration Index; and if it continues to give such readings it will indicate a bleak future, not only for many promising young people but also for Britain as a leading industrial nation. For today every technologist—and their number is to be doubled in ten years—needs five or six technicians.

Havoc of progress

The speed of technological change, while it must finally open up vistas for the cleverer young people, is at the same time playing havoc with many traditional avenues of employment, thus intensifying the problem.

The shut-down of the cotton mills blocks the outlet for a substantial part of the school-leavers in some Lancashire towns. The switch from coal to oil is now added to the exhaustion of old pits in such areas as Lanarkshire.

At Port Talbot, the great integrated steel works, with its new strip mill, one of the finest in the world, stretches for four and a half miles along the coast. Yet the local youth employment committee says that it is "gravely disturbed" by the lack of opportunities in the area. For ten thousand men were made redundant by the close-down of the small iron and tinplate works.

"Teenagers," said Cardinal Godfrey recently, "should not find their enthusiasm damped down by the fruitless search for suitable employment—leaving them beset by the gravest spiritual and moral dangers."

Yet that, it seems, is precisely what is going to happen to very many of them in the quite near future. The wastage, both human and economic, can be appalling.

What are we doing to prevent it?

The government is following the line

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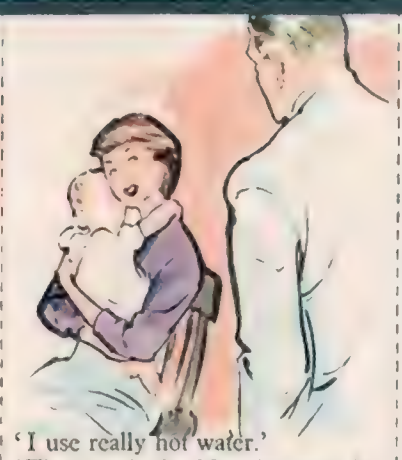
She was worried about her baby...

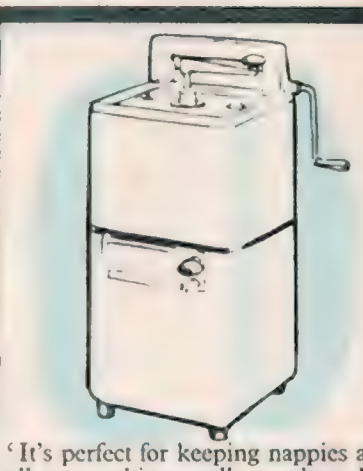
I'm so worried about Peter, Doctor. Ever since he was born, his nappies have made him so sore.
Yes...I can see that: I expect he's very fretful?

'Yes – I'm afraid he upsets the whole house with his crying at night.'
'Do you *boil* his nappies, Mrs. Rogers or just rinse them through?'



'I use really hot water.'
'That won't do. Nappies *must* be boiled to get rid of the alkali deposit that causes nappy rash.'

'This gas washing machine is just what you need, Mrs. Rogers. It holds a big family-size wash and boils up really quickly.'



'It's perfect for keeping nappies and all your whites really spotless. It'll make all the difference to baby!'
'All the difference to me, too!'

'It's very good looking, isn't it – not a bit like the old-fashioned boilers!'
'Yes – it's the latest design. And it tucks away under your draining board.'

'Good morning Mrs. Rogers. Oh – isn't Peter looking well and happy?'
'Yes – he's sleeping wonderfully now – seems quite a different child!'

Well, Mrs. Rogers, and how's Peter getting on? I see the redness has gone now. He's certainly a cheerful young man – quite a credit to you!
A credit to Mr Therm and my new gas washing machine.

If you want to boil your white wash quickly and hygienically— remember . . .

only GAS can do it

Issued by the Gas Council

Father Fogarty's Island

by FRANK O'CONNOR

If a dead man's wish is sacred, even a priest might bend the truth. Or find a perceptive layman to do it for him . . .

The young priest soon found how tactful Kenealy could be—so tactful that his wife had no suspicion of the plot being hatched under her nose

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

When Father Jackson drove up to the curates' house at Asragh, it was already drawing on to dusk. Father Hamilton opened the front door himself, looking white and strained.

"Oh, come in, Jim," he said with his mournful smile. "Tisn't much of a welcome we have for you, God knows. I suppose you'd like to see poor Jerry before the undertaker comes."

"I might as well," Father Jackson replied briskly. " 'Twas very sudden, wasn't it?"

"Well, it was and it wasn't, Jim," Father Hamilton said, closing the front door behind him. "He was going downhill since he got the first heart attack, and he wouldn't look after himself. Sure, you know yourself what he was like."

Jackson knew. Father Fogarty and himself had been friends, of a sort, for years. An impractical man, excitable and vehement, Fogarty could have lived for twenty years with his ailment but, instead of that, he allowed himself to become depressed and indifferent. If he couldn't live as he had always lived, he would prefer not to live at all.

They went upstairs and into the bedroom where he was. The character was still plain on the stern, dead face. That bone structure was something you'd have picked out of a thousand faces as Irish, with its jutting brows and craggy chin, and the snub nose that looked as though it had been broken twenty years before in a public-house row.

As soon as they came downstairs again, Father Hamilton produced half a bottle of whiskey. "Or there's some burgundy," he said.

"Burgundy will do me fine," Jackson replied cheerfully. "You're coming with us tomorrow, I suppose?"

"Well, the way it is, Jim," Father Hamilton replied, "I'm afraid neither of us is going. You see, they're burying poor Jerry here."

"They're what?" Jackson asked incredulously.

"Now, I didn't know for sure when I rang you, Jim, but that's what the brother decided, and that's what Father Hanafey decided as well."

"But he told you he wanted to be buried on the Mass Island, didn't he?"

"He told everybody, Jim," Father Hamilton replied with growing excitement and emotion. "That was the sort he was. If he told one, he told five hundred. Only half an hour ago I had a girl on the telephone from the Island, asking when they could expect us. You see, the old parish priest of the place let Jerry mark out the grave for himself, and they want to know should they open it. But now the old parish priest is dead as well, and, of course, Jerry left nothing in writing."

"Didn't he leave a will, even?" Jackson asked in surprise.

"Well, he did and he didn't, Jim," Father Hamilton said. "Actually he did make a will about five or six years ago, and he gave it to Clancy, the other curate, but Clancy went off on the Foreign Mission and God alone knows where he is now. After that, Jerry never bothered his head about it. I mean, you have to admit the man had nothing to leave. Every damn thing he had he gave away—even the old car, after he got the first attack. If there

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was any loose cash around, I suppose the brother has that."

Jackson sipped his burgundy, and wondered at his own irritation. He had been irritated enough before that, with the prospect of two days' motoring in the middle of winter, and a night in a godforsaken pub in the mountains, a hundred and fifty miles away at the other side of Ireland. There, in one of the lakes, was an island where in Cromwell's time, before the causeway and the little oratory were built, Mass was said in secret, and it was here that Father Fogarty had wanted to be buried.

It struck Jackson as sheer sentimentality; it wasn't even as if it was Fogarty's native place. Jackson had once allowed Fogarty to lure him there, and had hated every moment of it. It wasn't only the discomfort of the public house, where the rain kept them confined to the cold dining-and-sitting room that looked out on the gloomy mountainside. It was the over-intimacy of it all, and this was the thing Father Fogarty apparently loved.

He liked to stand in his shirt-sleeves behind the bar, taking turns with the proprietor, serving big pints of porter to rough mountainy men, or to sit in their cottages, shaking in all his fat whenever they told broad stories.

"God, Jim, isn't it grand?" he would say in his deep voice, and Jackson would look at him over his spectacles, and say: "Well, I suppose it all depends on what you really like."

He wasn't even certain that the locals cared for Father Fogarty's intimacy; on the contrary he had a strong impression that they much preferred their own reserved old parish priest, whom they saw twice a year, when he came to collect his dues.

And yet now when he found out that the plans had fallen through, he was as disappointed as though they had been his own.

"Oh, well," he said, with a shrug that was intended to conceal his perturbation: "I suppose it doesn't make much difference where they chuck us when our time comes."

"The point is, it mattered to Jerry, Jim," Father Hamilton said, with his curious shy obstinacy. "Somehow, you know, I don't feel it's right to flout a dead man's wishes."

"Oh, I know, I know," Jackson said lightly. "I suppose I'd better talk to old Hanafey about it. Knowing I'm a friend of the Bishop's, he might pay more attention to me."

"He might, Jim," Father Hamilton replied sadly, looking away over Jackson's head. "But I wouldn't depend too much on it. It's the brother Hanafey is afraid of. You'll see him this evening, and, between ourselves, he's a tough customer. He doesn't want the expense and inconvenience. You wouldn't blame him, of course. I'd probably be the same myself. By the way," Father Hamilton added, lowering his voice, "before he does come, I'd like you to take a look round Jerry's room and see if there is any little memento you'd care to have."

They went into Father Fogarty's sitting-room, and Jackson looked at it with a new interest. He knew of old the rather handsome library. Fogarty had been a man of many enthusiasms, though none of long duration—the picture of the Virgin and Child, and the couple of fine old prints. There was a newer picture that Jackson had not seen—a charcoal drawing of the Crucifixion from a fifteenth-century Irish tomb, which was brutal but impressive.

"Good Lord!" Jackson exclaimed with a sudden feeling of loss. "He really had taste, hadn't he?"

"He had, Jim," Father Hamilton said, sticking his long nose into the picture. "This goes to a young couple called Keneally, outside the town, that he was fond of. I think they were very kind to him."

Father Hanafey, the parish priest of Asragh, was a round, red, cherubic-looking old man with a bald head and big round glasses. He, too, insisted on producing the whiskey Jackson so heartily detested, when the two priests came in to consult him, but Jackson had decided that this time diplomacy required he should show proper appreciation of the dreadful stuff.

But though the priest was mollified by Father Jackson's praise for his whiskey, he was not prepared to interfere in the arrangements for the funeral of his curate. "It is the wish of the next of kin, Father," he said stubbornly, "and that is something I have no control over. Now that you tell me the same thing as Father Hamilton, I accept it that this was Father Fogarty's wish to go to the Mass Island. I assure you, if I had even one line in Father Fogarty's writing to go on, I would wait for no man's advice. . . ."

Father Fogarty's brother turned up at the church in Asragh that evening. He was a good-looking man with a weak and pleasant face and a cold shrewdness in his eyes that had been lacking in his brother's. Father Jackson's arguments did not impress him.

"But why, Father?" he asked, turning to Father Hanafey. "I'm a busy man, and I'm being asked to leave my business for a couple of days in the middle of winter, and for what? That is all I ask. What use is it?"

"It is only out of respect for the wishes of the deceased, Mr. Fogarty," said Father Hanafey, who clearly was a little bit afraid of him.

"And where did he express those wishes?" the brother asked. "I'm his only living relative, and it is queer he would not mention it to me."

"He mentioned it to Father Jackson and Father Hamilton."

"But when, Father?" Mr. Fogarty asked. "You knew Father Jerry, and he was always expressing wishes about something. He was an excitable sort of man, God rest him, and the thing he'd say today might not be the thing he'd say tomorrow. After all, after close on forty years, I think I have the right to say I knew him," he added with a triumphant air that left the two young priests without a leg to stand on.

Over bacon and eggs in the curates' house, Father Hamilton was very despondent. "Well, I suppose we did what we could, Jim," he said.

"I'm not too sure of that," Jackson said, looking at Father Hamilton sidewise. "I'm wondering if we couldn't do something with that family you say he intended the drawing for."

"The Keneallys," said Father Hamilton in a worried voice.

"Don't you think we should see if they have anything in writing?"

"Well, if they have, it would be about the picture," said Father Hamilton.

"Oh dear!" Jackson said politely, but his mind was elsewhere. "I'm not really interested in knowing what would be in a letter like that. It's none of my business. But I would like to make sure that they haven't something in writing. What did Hanafey call it—'something on paper'?"

"I daresay we should inquire, anyway," said Father Hamilton, and after supper they drove out to the Keneallys', a typical small red-brick villa with a decent garden in front. The family also was eating bacon and eggs, and Jackson shuddered when they asked him to join them. Keneally himself, a tall, gaunt, cadaverous man, poured out more whiskey for them, and again Jackson felt he must try to drink it.

At the same time, he thought he saw what attraction the house had for Father Fogarty. Keneally was tough and with no suggestion of lay servility toward the priesthood, and his wife was beautiful and scatterbrained, and talked to herself, the cat and the children simultaneously. "Rosaleen!" she cried determinedly. "Out! Out! I say! I told you if you didn't stop meowing you'd have to go out. . . . Angela Keneally, the stick! . . . You do not want to go to the bathroom, Angela. It's only five minutes since you were there before. I will not let Father Hamilton come up to you at all unless you go to bed at once."

In the children's bedroom, Jackson gave a finger to a stolid-looking infant, who began to chew it, apparently under the impression that he would be bound to reach sugar at last.

Later they sat over their drinks in the sitting-room, only interrupted by Angela Keneally, in a fever of curiosity, dropping in every five minutes to ask for a biscuit or a glass of water.

"You see, Father Fogarty left no will," Jackson explained to Keneally. "Consequently, he'll be buried here tomorrow unless something turns up. I suppose he told you where he wanted to be buried?"

"On the Island? Twenty times, if

NEXT WEEK'S STORIES

CRESCENT OF DEATH
by JOHN SALT

SECOND WIFE
by HUGH B. CAVE

They kick, fight, take over the pitch . . . and swear never to go again

ARE FOOTBALL FANS MAD?

by REX GRIZELL

It was all over bar the shouting. The home side, Charlton, were losing 5—1 to Huddersfield and there were less than twenty minutes left for play. The crowd was glum, and by football standards almost silent. Old fans were promising each other that they would never again watch this apology for a football team. When Charlton scored a second goal, it raised little more than an ironical cheer. Then they scored again. And again.

Now the fans had been shocked out of despair. Their blood was up; they were shouting themselves hoarse.

Excitement mounted as Charlton equalized, and became frenzied as they took the lead at 6—5. But with only three minutes to go Huddersfield made it 6—6, and then with the last kick Charlton scored again to win 7—6.

"You've never seen anything like it," says James Head, a Charlton supporter. "Fully grown men, complete strangers to each other, were dancing around in each other's arms, half laughing, half crying. A fan can dream all his life of a game like that and never see one."

Every Saturday afternoon for eight months of the year a million or so football followers turn out to see their teams play, hoping that they will have an experience like the Charlton-Huddersfield match.

Most British football grounds are more than thirty years old. They offer poor protection against the weather and the seating is inadequate. Many clubs still accommodate less than ten per cent of their spectators under cover, and even fewer in seats.

But the fans seem indifferent to discomfort. Week after week they stand on the terraces, turning their coat collars up against wind and rain, stamping their feet in snow and frost.

Psychologists say that there is a form of pleasure in undergoing hardship of this kind in company. The fans feel it as a shared sacrifice, and may even feel nobler because of it. Leslie Davis, secretary of the National Federation of Football Supporters' Clubs, calls it the freemasonry of the terraces.

More watch now

So far are the fans from finding the conditions insupportable that attendances are on the upgrade again, after a few years in which they fell after the immediate postwar boom. Last season 33,500,000 people watched soccer as against a prewar average of 30,000,000, and the 33,500,000 does not include the hundreds of thousands who watched European Cup games, youth internationals and other competitions not held before the war. At some grounds in the south women form as many as forty per cent of the spectators.

The psychologists can explain the fan's reasons better than he can himself, but there is one thing the true fan is sure of. He prefers standing on the terraces to a seat in the stands.

Bill Miles, a Manchester City supporter who has been watching the side

Fans at a Cup Final let themselves go. One reason why people go to see soccer is to yell, push, curse and act abnormally, says a psychologist

for nearly forty years, says, "You ought not to want to sit down at a football match. I like to go down half a dozen steps when my side scores a goal, and then surge back."

The real fan cannot keep still. In spirit he's there on the field with the team. He dribbles, kicks and charges with the players.

Leslie Rowson, a transport driver who follows football every Saturday from the terraces, once took a seat in the stands because he had a broken leg and was on crutches. "I got so excited people all round me were ducking, afraid I'd cosh them with the crutches," he says. "You are frightened to show too much enthusiasm in the stand, you might clout someone." On the terraces the odd clout is taken in good part, unless it comes from a supporter of the opposition.

At some matches fans don't know whether to watch the football or the fights breaking out on the terraces. Fights even break out after the match. After a Blackburn *v.* Liverpool cup-tie last year, Blackburn police had to make twenty baton charges into crowds of football supporters fighting in the streets long after the game was over.

"Crowd psychology tends to exaggerate individual psychology," says a Harley Street psychologist. "When a man becomes a member of a crowd, he feels much stronger emotions, identifies himself with the group and tends to behave as its other members do. This form of identification is particularly strong with football crowds."

Group emotion leads easily to violence, and the loss of a sense of proportion. It is extremely unlikely that a normal man would invade a private building alone and break down doors to gain access to the roof to watch a game. Yet this is exactly what a mob of football fans did early this year.

Locked out from the Arsenal-Colchester cup-tie at Highbury, irate supporters burst into Aubert Court, a six-storey block of flats overlooking the ground, in an attempt to see the match. As the shouting crowd poured in, residents fought their way out to get the police, who found that fans had smashed down doors to get on the roof.

Violence at matches is not uncommon. Players and officials have been bombarded with bottles, stones, teacups, apple cores, orange peel, lumps of concrete, tumblers, knives, clogs, tomatoes, bags of flour and cushions. Furious fans have assaulted players and referees as they left the pitch at half-time, even knocking them unconscious.

Stopped the game

During a Chelsea *v.* Everton match at Stamford Bridge last season fans even invaded the pitch during the game and attacked the players. The game was stopped and police escorted a number of men from the ground.

Identification does not finish with the crowd; the fan also identifies himself with the team, and feels he is really one of them.

One fan said: "I once badly ricked my neck heading a centre into goal. The ball came across, the forwards went up for it, and I went up with them. I had a stiff neck for weeks afterwards."

A football fan also gets pleasure because his hobby satisfies another basic human need—to belong. In many provincial towns the football team is the one thing that is constantly in the national news. A good football team can generate enormous civic pride.

Beneath all the shouting and criticism the fan has an emotional relationship with the team, says a psychiatrist, almost a sentimental one. From the day that he first goes to a match clinging tightly to his father's hand, there is a bond between him and the team.

Because of this emotional attachment the rise and fall of a team's fortunes is often reflected in the spirits of the fan for days on end.

A survey carried out in Hull showed that there was a marked drop in industrial production in the week following a Saturday when the City were beaten, and a slight rise if they won.

"It's not just that you're down in the dumps when your side has a bad patch," says a keen fan. "You get to work on Monday morning, and you get ribbed by your mates who aren't fans, and then you start arguments and excuses. Work is bound to suffer."

One Saturday, Bessie Braddock, M.P., was crossing the pavement to her car when she heard a voice say, "Hallo, Bessie." She turned and there was a little, shrivelled-up man standing on the kerb close by, head bowed, hands in pockets, his whole attitude one of utter despair. He looked, she says, as if he had all the troubles of the world on his shoulders. She thought that at least he had lost his job and his children were starving.

"Hallo, mate," she said. "What's the trouble? Can I help?"

After a long pause, filled with the bitterness of things, he said: "Can you get Liverpool back in t'Coop?"

This same emotional involvement keeps a man loyal to his team through thick and thin. "Listen to them coming out of the ground when their team has played badly," says one fan. "You'll hear it all round you. 'That's it. I've had it. I'm not coming to see this hopeless lot again.' You say it yourself. Next Saturday there you are again, and all the people who said they weren't coming back are there as well."

He's never missed

The strength of this bond between the fan and the team seems almost tangible in extreme cases. A Portsmouth fan has seen all his side's League and Cup games, home and away, since 1934 (apart from the war years). During this time he has never lived in Portsmouth and has travelled to the matches from his home, which at different times has been in Sunningdale, Woking, Golders Green, Surbiton, and Rayleigh, Essex.

A fan from Wandsworth has travelled the country for twenty-eight years watching soccer, and has visited every one of the League club grounds. He has seen more than a thousand games, only missing one Saturday when play was off because of fog. He saw only the second half of the Arsenal *v.* Blackpool game at Highbury in 1939. He had been delayed by his wedding.

These are not isolated instances. Every club in the country has supporters who could tell similar stories.

An even greater attraction to the fan is that the atmosphere of the crowd allows behaviour which would be condemned in ordinary society. They can shout as loud as they like, curse the referee, insult the linesmen, accuse opponents, incite their own players, throw things, push people and generally release their pent-up emotions.

This licence for exaggerated behaviour creates the "atmosphere" of the football crowd, and is the reason that soccer on television does not appeal to the real fan. "There would be no noise or atmosphere," says one supporter. "It's the same reason a soccer fan can't enjoy cricket—it's too slow, too quiet, too polite."

For all their devotion to the game, probably few fans are more fanatic than James Head, who claims that he remembers the major events in his life by thinking back to what match Charlton played that week. "The baby was born the night before Charlton played Luton. I wasn't going to miss the match, and I remember telling the wife, 'If you're not in hospital by Friday night I'll put you there.' "

THE END

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he told us once. I thought he took it too far. Didn't you, Father?"

"And me not to be able to go!" Mrs. Keneally said, beginning to cry. "Isn't it awful, Father?"

"He didn't leave anything in writing with you?" He saw in Keneally's eyes that the letter was really only about the picture, and raised a warning hand. "Mind if he did, I don't want to know what's in it! In fact, it would be highly improper for anyone to be told before the parish priest and the next of kin were consulted. All I do want to know is whether"—he waited a moment to see that Keneally was following him—"he did leave any written instructions, of any kind, with you."

Mrs. Keneally suddenly dried her tears and broke into rapid speech. "Sure, that was the day poor Father Jerry was so down in himself because we were his friends and he had nothing to leave us, and——"

"Shut up, woman!" her husband shouted with a glare at her, and then Jackson saw him purse his lips in quiet amusement. He was a man after Jackson's heart. "As you say, Father, we have a letter from him."

"Addressed to anybody in particular?"

"Yes, to the parish priest, to be delivered after his death."

"But you had not time to deliver it?"

"I only heard of Father Fogarty's death when I got in, you see. Esther was away down at the church, of course."

"And you're a bit tired, so you wouldn't want to walk all the way over to the presbytery with it. I take it that in the normal way you'd post it."

"But the post would be gone," Keneally said with a secret smile. "So that Father Hanafey wouldn't get it until maybe the day after tomorrow. That's what you were afraid of, Father, isn't it?"

"I see we understand one another, Mr. Keneally," Jackson said politely.

"You wouldn't of course, wish to say anything that wasn't strictly true," said Keneally, who was clearly enjoying himself enormously, though his wife had not the faintest idea of what was afoot. "So perhaps it would be better if the letter was posted now, and not after you leave the house."

"Fine!" said Jackson, and Keneally nodded and went out. When he returned the priests rose to go.

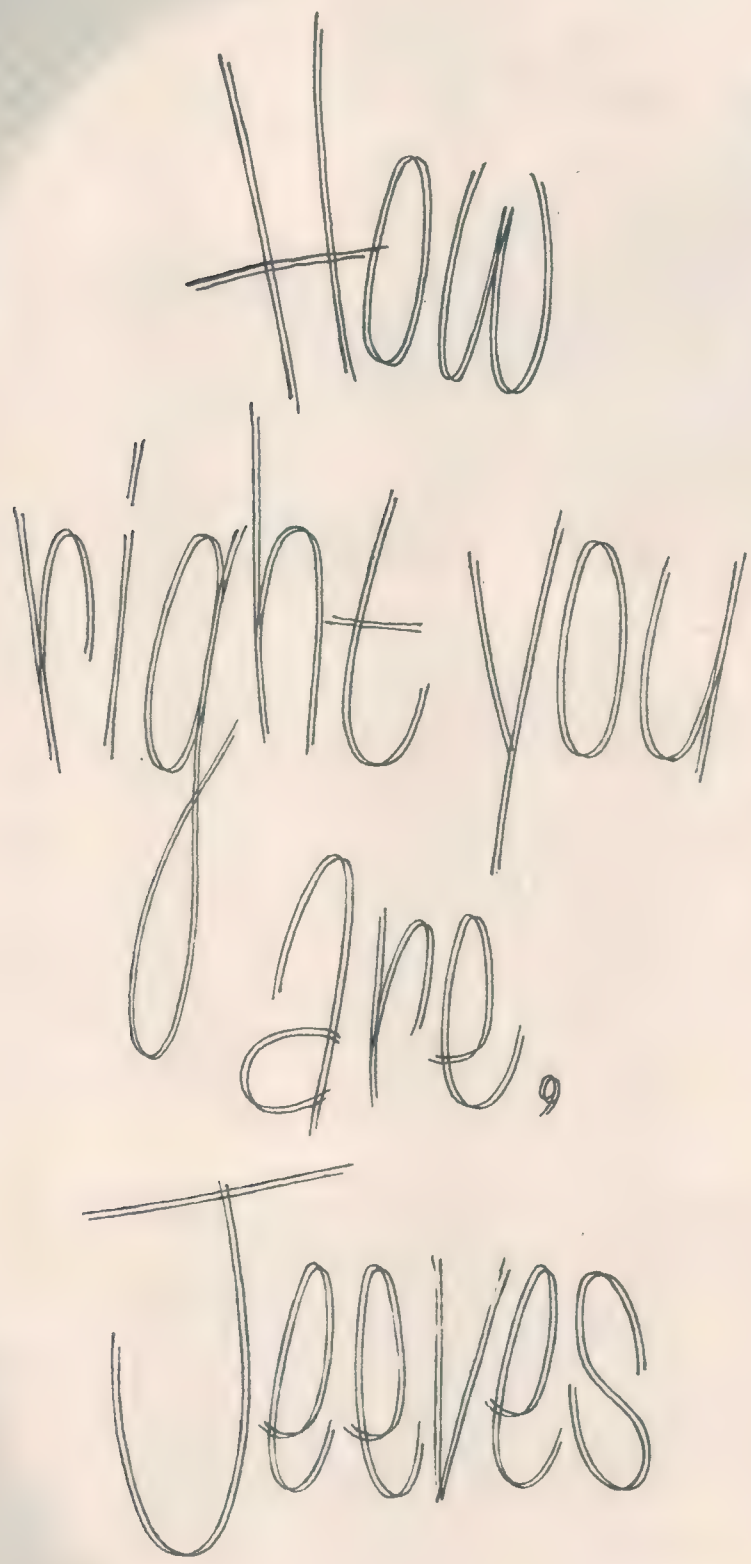
"I'll see you at the Mass tomorrow," Keneally said. "Good luck, now."

Jackson felt they'd probably need it. But when Father Hanafey met them in the hall and they explained about the letter, his mood had clearly changed. Jackson's logic might have worked some sort of spell on him, or perhaps it was just that he felt they were three clergymen opposed to a layman.

"It was very unforeseen of Mr.

continued on page 37

Beginning a sparkling new Bertie Wooster



PART ONE

JEEVES placed the sizzling eggs and b. on the breakfast table, and Reginald ("Kipper") Herring and I, licking the lips, squared our elbows and dug in. A lifelong buddy of mine, this Herring. Years ago, when striplings, he and I had done a stretch together at Malvern House, Bramley-on-Sea, the preparatory school conducted by that prince of stinkers, the Rev. Aubrey Upjohn.

The *plat du jour* having gone down the hatch, accompanied by a spot of strengthening coffee, I was about to reach for the marmalade when I heard the telephone tootling out in the hall and rose to attend it.

"Bertram Wooster's residence," I said, having connected with the instrument. "Wooster in person at this end. Oh, hallo," I added, for the voice that boomed over the wire was that of Mrs. Thomas Portarlington Travers — or, putting it another way, Aunt Dahlia.

"I'm surprised to find you up as early as this," she said. "Or have you just got in from a night on the tiles?"

"Certainly not. I've been upping with the lark this last week or so, to keep Kipper Herring company. He's on the staff of the *Thursday Review*, and has to clock in at the office at daybreak. He's staying with me till he can get into his new flat. Well, nice to hear your voice again, old flesh and blood. How's everything Brankley way?"

"Oh, we're jogging along. But I'm in London."

"Till when?"

"Driving back this afternoon."

"I'll give you lunch."

"No, you won't. I'm putting on the nosebag with Sir Roderick Glossop."

"What on earth for?"

"Why shouldn't I? He's paying."

I SAW her point—a penny saved is a penny earned, and so on—but I continued surprised. I was on chummier terms with the eminent brain specialist to whom she referred than I had been at one time, notably on the occasion at Lady Wickham's place in Hertfordshire when, egged on by her daughter Roberta, I had punctured Sir Roderick's hot water bottle with a darning needle in the early hours of the morning; but you would have had to pay heavily to induce me to join him to lunch.

"Did you come to London just to revel with Glossop?" I asked.

"No. I'm here to collect my new butler and take him home with me."

"New butler? What's happened to Seppings?"

"He's gone——"

I clicked the tongue. I was very fond of the major-domo in question. "No, really?" I said. "Too bad. I thought he looked frail when I last saw him."

"To Bognor Regis, ass, for his holiday."

I unclicked the tongue. "Oh, I see. Odd how all these pillars of the home seem to be dashing away on toots these days. Jeeves starts his holiday this morning. He's off to Herne Bay for the shrimping. I don't know what I'm going to do without him."

"I'll tell you what you're going to do. Have you a clean shirt?"

"Several."

"And a toothbrush?"

"One of the finest."

"Then pack them. You're coming to Brankley tomorrow."

THE gloom which always envelops Bertram Wooster like a fog when Jeeves is about to take his annual vacation lightened perceptibly. There are few things I find more agreeable than a sojourn at Aunt Dahlia's rural lair. Excellent scenery, gravel soil, main drainage, company's own water; and, above all, the superb French cheffing of her French chef Anatole.

"What an admirable suggestion," I said. "You will observe me bowling up in the Wooster sports model tomorrow. Got anybody else staying with you?"

"Five inmates in all."

"Five?" I resumed my tongue-clicking. "Golly! Uncle Tom must be going through hell." I knew the old buster's distaste for guests in the home.

"Tom's not here. He's gone to Harrogate with Cream."

"You mean lumbago."

"I don't mean lumbago. I mean Cream. Homer Cream. Big American tycoon who is visiting these shores. He suffers from ulcers, and his medicine man has ordered him to take the waters at Harrogate. Tom has gone with him. He is in the middle of a very important business deal with Cream. If it goes through, he will make a packet free of income tax."

I could readily understand my uncle by marriage's mental processes. If there is one thing that is right up his street, it is not paying income tax.

"That is why, before he departed, he urged me with tears in his eyes to lush Mrs. Cream and her son Willie up and treat them like royalty," Aunt Dahlia said. "So they're at Brankley, dug into the woodwork."

"Willie, did you say?"

"That's right. Short for Wilbert. And Adela Cream writes mystery stories."

"Who are the other three inmates?"

"Well, there's Lady Wickham's daughter Roberta."

"What!"

"Do you know her?"

"I do."

I have already mentioned how, with her subtle wiles, this girl had induced

No wonder the Wooster brow was furrowed. Aun

new butler was an eminent

novel by **P. G. WODEHOUSE**

Tea with Roberta was a shambles. The butler hove to. I caught a glimpse of him — and my tea shot over my old headmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

Dahlia's

rain specialist . . .

BT 73T

They're good-very good!

1/8 FOR 10 • 3/4 FOR 20

How right you are, Jeeves

continued from page 21

me to sneak into Sir Roderick Glossop's sleeping apartment and apply the darning needle to his hot water bottle, and that was comparatively mild going for her. In a word, Roberta, daughter of the late Sir Cuthbert and Lady Wickham of Skeldings Hall, Herts, was pure dynamite. The prospect of being immured with her in the same house made me singularly dubious about the shape of things to come.

And I was still tottering under this blow when the old relative landed another, and it was a haymaker.

"Then there's Aubrey Upjohn and his stepdaughter Phyllis Mills," she said. "That's the lot. What's the matter with you? Got asthma?"

I took Aunt Dahlia to be alluding to the sharp gasp which escaped my lips.

"Aubrey Upjohn?" I quavered. "Not *the* Reverend Aubrey Upjohn?"

"That's the baby. The one who used to dust your trouser seat for you at school. Soon after you made your escape from his chain gang he married Jane Mills, a friend of mine with pots of money. She died, leaving a daughter. I'm the daughter's godmother."

"But what's he doing at Brankley?"

"He's going to present the prizes at Market Snodsbury Grammar School. We've been caught short again, and somebody has got to make a speech on ideals and the future life to those blasted boys, so he fits in nicely. I believe he's a very fine speaker. His only trouble is that he's stymied unless he has his speech with him and can read it. Calls it referring to his notes. Phyllis types the stuff for him."

"A thoroughly low trick," I said severely. "Even I, who have never soared above the 'Yeoman's Wedding Song' at a village concert, wouldn't have the crust to face my public unless I had memorized the words. . . ."

I would have spoken further, but at this juncture, after urging me to put a sock in it, Aunt Dahlia rang off.

I CAME away from the telephone on what practically amounted to leaden feet. Here, I was feeling, was a nice bit of box fruit. Roberta Wickham, with her tendency to land her nearest and dearest in the mulligatawny, would have been bad enough. Add Upjohn, and the mixture became too rich.

"That was my Aunt Dahlia, Kipper," I said. "She wants me to go to Brankley tomorrow."

"You'll like that."

"The point is a very moot one. Who do you think is there? The Reverend Aubrey Upjohn."

It was plain that I had shaken him. His eyes widened, and an astonished piece of toast fell from his grasp.

"Old Upjohn?"

"In the flesh. And he has acquired a stepdaughter, Phyllis Mills, whose godmother Aunt Dahlia is."

"I know Phyllis Mills," Kipper said. "I met her out in Switzerland last Christmas. Nice girl, though goofy. She never told me he was a relative."

"She would naturally keep a thing like that dark," I said. I added: "What's the joke?" for I observed that Kipper was chuckling softly.

"I was thinking of old Upjohn."

I was amazed. It seemed incredible that anyone who had done time at Malvern House could chuckle, softly or otherwise, when letting the mind dwell on that outstanding menace.

"I envy you, Bertie," he went on, continuing to chuckle. "You have a wonderful treat in store. You are going to be present at the breakfast table when the Reverend Aubrey Upjohn opens his copy of this week's *Thursday Review* and starts to skim through the pages devoted to comments on current literature. I should explain that among the books that recently arrived at the office was a slim volume from his pen dealing with the preparatory school and making out that the years spent there were the happiest of our life."

"Gadzooks!"

"He little knew that his brain-child would be given to one of the old lags of Malvern House to review. I need scarcely tell you that I ripped the stuffing out of the beastly little brochure. I gave it six hundred words, all golden. How extraordinarily fortunate you are to be in a position to watch his face as he reads them."

"How do you know he'll read them?"

"He's a subscriber."

"Did you sign the review?"

"Just with my initials. Ye Ed. is not too keen on underlings advertising their names."

"And it was really hot stuff?"

"Red hot. So eye him closely at the breakfast table. Mark his reaction."

"The only catch is that I don't come down to breakfast when I'm at Brankley," I said. "Still, I suppose I could make a special effort."

KIPPER said: "Do so. You will find it well worth while," and shortly afterwards popped off to resume the earning of the weekly envelope.

He had been gone about twenty minutes when Jeeves came in, bowler hat in hand, to say goodbye. A solemn moment, taxing our self-control to the utmost. Then he started to withdraw.

"Oh, Jeeves," I said. "Half a jiffy. It seems that among my fellow-guests at Brankley will be a Mrs. Homer Cream, wife of an American big butter and egg man, and her son Wilbert; and the name Wilbert—or possibly Willie—Cream seemed somehow to touch a chord. Rightly or wrongly I associate it with that last trip we made to New York. Does it ring a bell with you?"

"Why, yes, sir," Jeeves said. "The name Willie Cream is one that constantly appears in the tabloid newspapers of New York. The gentleman is generally referred to under the sobriquet of Broadway Willie."

"Of course! It all comes back to me. He's what they call a playboy. He's the fellow who likes to let off stink bombs in night clubs, and seldom cashes a cheque at his bank without providing himself with a gat and saying 'This is a stick-up.' "

"And . . . no, sir, for the moment it has escaped my memory."

"What has?"

"Some other little something, sir, that I was told regarding Mr. Cream. Should I recall it, I will communicate with you."

"Yes, do," I said. "One wants the complete picture. All right, Jeeves. Good luck to your shrimping net."

He shimmered out while I was thinking of what lay before me in darkest Worcestershire. The hand that lit the after-breakfast gasper shook visibly.

At this moment of nervous tension the telephone suddenly gave tongue again.

Some species of butler appeared to be at the other end.

"Mr. Wooster?"

"On the spot."

"Good morning, sir. Her ladyship wishes to speak to you. Lady Wickham, sir. Here is Mr. Wooster, m'lady."

And Roberta's mother came on the air.

BY the way, I should have mentioned that during the above exchange of ideas with the butler I had been aware of a distant sound of sobbing, like background music, and it now became apparent that it was from the larynx of the widow of the late Sir Cuthbert that it was proceeding.

There was a short intermission before she got the vocal chords working.

"Mr. Wooster?"

"Speaking."

"Are you there?"

I put her straight on this point, and she took time out to sob again. She then spoke in a hoarse, throaty voice, like Tallulah Bankhead after swallowing a fish bone.

"Is this awful news true?"

"I don't quite follow."

"In this morning's *Times*."

I'm pretty shrewd, and it seemed to

continued on page 26

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME
by Roger Smithells

Can you pick a bargain?

Second-hand can be first-rate if you choose and buy with care

Poking round the village antique shops in search of well-made, inexpensive pieces can add fun to your holiday and may solve some furnishing problems for you. Prices vary remarkably from one district to another

SHOP-GAZING is an important part of a holiday for many people. They love it for its own sake. But shop-gazing with a purpose is even better fun.

If the purpose is to hunt down a bargain it becomes a game of skill.

A little knowledge, a little courage and a good deal of common sense are all the equipment you need for this treasure hunt.

The term "second-hand" is applied to everything from the almost new to the antique-collector's piece. Some of it is useless, except as raw material for making other things. It is either too big for the modern home—or was made to fill a need that no longer exists.

Some of these pieces rank as antiques because they are more than a hundred years old, but they are so well made, and of such fine materials, that they will probably outlast most of the new furniture being sold today. You can pick them up for a fraction of the cost of the corresponding new article, and if they are properly cared for their value will steadily increase. They are the collectors' pieces of the future.

What should you pay?

To help the would-be bargain hunter, twenty-one typical examples of useful second-hand furniture are illustrated and described on the next page.

Some of the chairs, if sold in sets of four or more, might fetch up to £10 a chair, but the odd single chair, needing perhaps a new seat, a little strengthening here and there, and some cleaning and repolishing, can often be picked up for 10s. or so. And although this means extra work, and it may be years before you find others to match it, you can get a lot of satisfaction out of discovering and restoring the chairs, knowing that they are yours alone.

Where possible I have given a rough idea of the cost of each illustrated piece of furniture. These are prices at which I know such pieces can be bought, but prices vary widely according to the quality and condition, while some things fetch twice as much in one district as in another.

Cleaning. Unpainted second-hand furniture looks better when it is clean. If there are no bad stains and the dirt is superficial, wipe the polished wood with turpentine on a rag. This dissolves greasy and waxy deposits without softening varnish or french polish. A more drastic treatment (not for french-polished furniture) is to use a cleaning paste with fine steel wool.

If the wood is stained, wash it with warm vinegar. Remove ink stains by applying lemon juice with the tips of the fingers, and wiping off with a rag.

Spirits of salts rubbed on with a rag will remove most stains. Oxalic acid is also effective, but before polishing, the acid should be neutralized by alkali in the form of a weak solution of washing soda. Some proprietary bleaching liquids are also useful for stubborn stains.

Removing varnish. Old varnish and french polish that has lost its transparency and hides the beauty of the wood grain can usually be removed with fine steel wool, which leaves the wood smooth and silky for repolishing. If this is not effective, soften the varnish or polish by applying methylated spirits, dabbed on with cotton wool, and wipe off with a rag, repeating until the wood is clean.

Raising dents. Remove a deep dent in the surface of a polished table by first making a few slits with a razor blade in the direction of the grain of the wood, fill the dent with water, and give it time to soak through the slits into the wood. Then place a wet rag over the dent and apply an iron hot enough to generate steam. After a few applications the wood will have swollen and filled the dent.

Removing paint. Many beautiful old mahogany chests of drawers have been painted cream or white by people who were too lazy to polish the wood. Usually the paint has been applied on top of old polish and can be scraped off very easily without damaging the wood.

When it is necessary to use paint remover, choose one which enables the paint to be washed off with water, for scraping is apt to damage the surface. I have yet to find a paint remover as effective as a strong solution of caustic soda, but it is dangerous stuff, best used out of doors, when a hose can be used to wash it away. It must be neutralized before polishing by painting with vinegar. It bleaches the wood, leaving it a pleasant colour, and is often employed for stripping pine when the wood is to be left exposed.

Repairing. Many antiques have been ruined by enthusiastic amateurs who have tried to repair them by driving nails through loose joints. Never use a nail if it can be avoided. It usually splits the wood, making the condition worse than before, and it is difficult to remove without causing further damage.

If a joint in a table or a chair has worked loose, the proper treatment is to take the joint apart, remove all dirt and old glue, reglue and reassemble, clamping the parts together until the glue has set. Old glue can be softened with steam and washed off with hot water.

Although there are many excellent glues on the market, old fashioned carpenter's glue has advantages, not least that it can be thus removed. If you mend a break with a cold-water glue and it comes adrift it is almost impossible to get the old glue off.

The weakest part of a chair is the joint between the sides of the seat and the back. This is where the strain occurs when you tilt a chair until the front legs leave the ground.

Repairers often try to reinforce the joints by fixing angle brackets to the underside of the seat rails and down the legs, but this is not nearly so effective as a bracket fixed to the top of the side rails and up the legs.

Chairs with stretchers bracing the legs are much stronger and rely less on the strength and fine workmanship of the joints.

Repolishing. There are three sorts of polish commonly used on furniture—oil or wax, french polish, and varnish.

It takes years to obtain a really fine lustre or patina with oil or wax, but nothing can equal the appearance of a fine piece of wood that has been polished in this way and looked after for generations.

When a piece has been cleaned down to the wood and needs repolishing, seal the surface with a coat of shellac. When dry, rub this down with fine steel wool and finish with one or two coats of wax, applied warm, allowed to dry out for an hour or two, and finished with a silk polisher.

French polishing, which includes colouring and filling the grain, is a skilled job, but the amateur can get wonderful results by using a solution specially prepared with a filler incorporated. If the grain of the wood is compact and no filling or colouring is needed there is no real difficulty—but it takes time and patience.

Here, very briefly, is the method:

Get a small bottle of a type of french polish named Button Polish. Pour some on a pad of cotton wool about the size of a golf ball. Wrap the cotton wool in a small piece of cotton or linen, twisting the corners together so as to squeeze the pad and force a little polish through the material. Then (and this is essential to success) apply one or two drops of raw linseed oil to the pad to act as a lubricant, and start polishing. Keep the pad moving constantly, for if it is allowed to rest for a second in one place it will dissolve the polish already applied there.

Work steadily over the surface until it is evenly covered, and then go over it again and again, resoaking the pad at intervals, and never forgetting the lubricant. The result will be rewarding, but has one disadvantage. It is

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

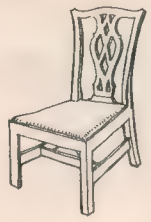
soluble in alcohol and will be marked by drinks.

The charm of many pieces of old furniture is hidden under a thick layer of treacly varnish. The only thing to do is to clean it all off, a long and tedious job.

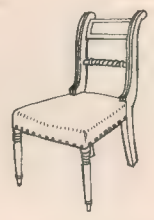
Use only the best varnish, and preferably one which does not have a stain incorporated. If possible apply it with a spray, as thinly as possible. Some synthetic lacquers are resistant to heat and alcohol, but the surface layer is thicker than french polish and tends to show scratches. It has to be seen whether these finishes will last for fifty years or more without any loss of transparency, as some french polish has done.

ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

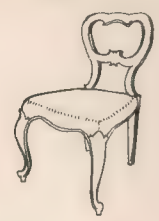
with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull: Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply. Send a rough drawing where this will make your problem clearer



Country Chippendale. In mahogany, fruitwood or sometimes oak. The odd chair, needing a new seat, may still be picked up for around £2 10s. Sets are prohibitive. Strong but heavy. Some of these are a little too low for use as dining chairs.

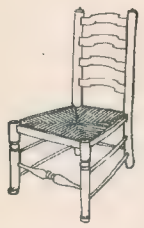


Georgian Mahogany. These are really collectors' pieces but single chairs in poor but repairable condition can be bought for less than £3. They are, usually heavier than they look, and it is characteristic of them that rear seat joints are apt to work loose.

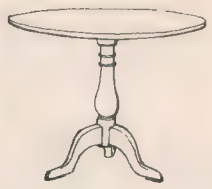


Early Victorian. In walnut, rosewood or mahogany. Fine ones in sets are exported to America, but they can be bought separately very cheaply. Slender cabriole legs are stronger than they look. Weak point is the back, which often breaks at the dowelled joints.

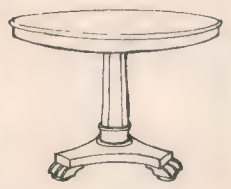
Victorian. In walnut or rosewood, sometimes black japanned with papier mâché and mother of pearl. Superbly designed for maximum strength with minimum weight. Make ideal bedroom chairs. You can get them for 35s., with cane seat, if you're lucky.



Ladder back. Traditional design popular from seventeenth century to present day. In oak, ash, beech or fruitwood. Seats rush (as shown) or solid wood. From 35s. Amazingly flexible, creak but seldom break. Unfortunately they are not too comfortable.

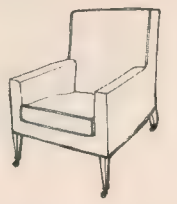


Tripod snap-top table. Mahogany, fruitwood or oak. From £4 in usable condition. Wobbly tops easily rectified, but wobbly legs are not so good (look for metal repair straps beneath them). With three feet it stands firmly on even the most uneven floor.



Victorian round table. Usually in unpleasant red or yellow solid mahogany, sometimes veneered in figured mahogany or rosewood. From 35s. Things to watch out for are weakness in the feet or in the base due to rot or attacks by woodworm.

Stick back, Wheel back or Windsor chair. Sometimes has wide pierced centre splat, sometimes flat top rail. Seat elm, curved hoop ash or yew, the rest usually beech. From 5s., according to condition. Here again you must beware of woodworm.

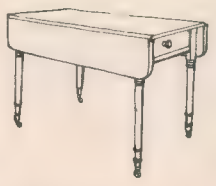


Box chair. Neat, compact and comfortable, chairs of this type are well worth the expense of re-upholstering and recovering. Those with square tapered legs are best. It's as well to make sure that the framework is stiff and sound, without any creaks or distortions.

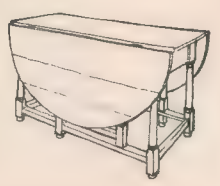
Victorian fireside chair. The best are collectors' pieces, but you can still find them, needing thorough renovation, for £5 or £6. Be careful to avoid the ones whose frames are resilient or show traces of woodworm. If they are firm and sound, they are a very good buy.

Reclining chair, with adjustable back. Very popular in the 1920s, this sound and comfortable design is out of favour and good ones fetch less than £2 in sales. Nothing to go wrong except the webbing under the seat, and that can be renewed without much trouble.

Edwardian easy chair. Most unfashionable at the moment, but is bound to be revived one day. In the meantime you can buy an entire suite, covered in "saddlebag," for about 35s. in a sale. Once again, watch out for any sign of woodworm.



Pembroke table. In mahogany usually with drawer in one end, dummy in the other. Sell for up to £250 if with inlaid satinwood top in perfect condition, but can be picked up for £5 or so needing attention. See that top framing and brackets are sound.

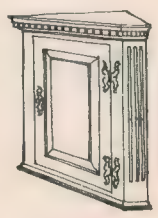


Gate-leg. Another traditional design popular for about three hundred years. Usually oak. Reproductions in working order can be had for under £10. Check that height is right for dining, sometimes worm-eaten or rotten feet have been cut off.

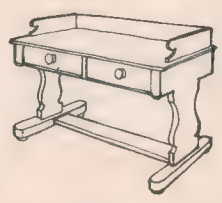
Cottage chest of drawers. Painted deal with wood or china knobs. From about £2 in fair condition. Look out for woodworm, especially in base. Likely faults are missing drawer stops (easily replaced) and drawer runners that are badly worn down.

Edwardian. Illustration shows giant size late Victorian or Edwardian mahogany chest of drawers. Usually well made of finest (and heaviest) materials, seldom fetch more than £7 because of height. Cut off the legs and its looks are enormously improved.

Wellington. Mahogany or walnut. Seldom found for much less than £10, but well worth the money. Usually has hinged locking cover-strip. It has a lot of very useful drawers, and is ideal for storing papers, jewellery, handkerchiefs, and so on.

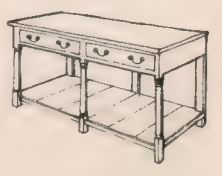


Corner cupboard. In painted pine, lacquered oak, polished oak, mahogany or pine; with solid doors, glazed doors or no doors at all. It can fetch any price from 10s. to £100, and will be found most useful, and often a decorative addition to almost any room.



Washstand. Painted pine. The one shown cost 5s. With the paint stripped off, brass handles fitted instead of the knobs, and perhaps with the upstand removed from the top, this could easily be turned into a charming small desk, or into a writing table.

Edwardian washstand—(or dressing table with the mirrors, etc., removed). Usually in inlaid mahogany, sometimes with a marble top. Can often be picked up for very little (25s.) and makes a good and pleasant-looking sideboard for the small dining-room.



Welsh dresser. Most of these are too big for the small modern house, but fit in well when the high back is taken away. While oak remains unfashionable they can be bought for under £10, but fine ones cost much more. They are often glossy from years of polishing.

DRAWINGS BY H. DALTON CLIFFORD

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: *Illustrated by A. R. Thomson, R.A.*

It's an old Canterbury custom

It was in Cantwaraburh, Saxon 'town of the men of Kent', that St. Augustine converted Aethelbert, 4th Saxon king of Kent, and established a cathedral. Damaged by fire in 1067, it was replaced by the present noble edifice at the time of Archbishop Lanfranc and Priors Ernulf and Conrad, who enlisted the architectural skill of William of Sens and William the Englishman.

Becket's murder and Chaucer's pilgrimage remain as deep in our minds as history and devotion are embedded in Canterbury's sacred stones. But how many know that the shortening of 'Canterbury Gallop', an ironic allusion to the pilgrims' easy pace, gave us the word 'canter'?

The people of Canterbury combine a veneration for ecclesiastical tradition with a vigorous respect for temporal custom. What else could account for the frequency with which the little red Brooke Bond vans may be seen in all parts of Kent, hurrying to deliver—good tea and FRESH?

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Brooke Bond *GOOD TEA—AND FRESH!*

How right you are, Jeeves

continued from page 22

me, reading between the lines, that there must have been something in the issue of *The Times* published that morning that for some reason had upset her, though why she should have chosen me to tell her troubles to was a mystery not easy to fathom.

I was about to institute inquiries in the hope of spearing a solution when, in addition to sobbing, she started laughing in a hyenaesque manner, making it clear to my trained ear that she was having hysterics. Then, before I could speak there was a dull thud suggestive of some solid body coming a purler on the carpet, and it was plain that she had fallen to earth, I knew not where.

When the dialogue was resumed, I found that the butler had put himself on as an understudy.

"Mr. Wooster?"

"Still here."

"I regret to say that her ladyship has fainted."

"Swooned, you mean? It was she I heard going bump?"

"Precisely, sir. Thank you very much, sir. Goodbye."

He replaced the receiver and went about his domestic duties, these no doubt including the loosening of the stricken woman's corsets and burning feathers under her nose.

It seemed to me that the thing to do here was to get hold of *The Times* and see what it had to offer.

At a cursory glance what might be called swoon material appeared to be absent from its columns. It was just after I had run my eye down the Births and Marriages that I happened to look at the Engagements, and a moment later I was shooting out of my chair as if a spike had come through its seat and penetrated the fleshy parts.

"Jeeves!" I yelled, and then remembered that he had long since gone with the wind. A bitter thought, for I needed him sorely.

The paragraph on which my gaze had rested ran as follows:

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

The engagement is announced between Bertram Wilberforce Wooster of Berkeley Mansions, W.1, and Roberta, daughter of the late Sir Cuthbert-Wickham and Lady Wickham of Skeldings Hall, Herts.

It was a Bertram Wooster with dark circles under his eyes and a brain threatening to come apart at the seams who braked on the following afternoon at the front door of Brankley Court.

As is generally the case at country houses on a fine day, there seemed to be nobody around. I was tooling around the grounds with the brow a bit wet with honest sweat, when there came to my ears the unmistakable sound of somebody reading poetry to someone, and the next moment I found myself confronting a mixed twosome who had dropped anchor beneath a shady tree.

They had scarcely swum into my ken when the welkin started ringing like billy-o. This was due to the barking of a dachshund, who now rose from terra firma like a rocket and licked me on the chin. I tickled him behind the right ear and scratched the base of his spine for a moment or two: then, these civilities concluded, switched my attention to the poetry group.

It was the male half of the sketch who had been doing the reading, a willowy, small-moustached bird who was presumably Wilbert Cream. I was surprised to find him dishing out verse. I mean, you would expect a New York playboy, widely publicised under the name of Broadway Willie, to stick to prose, and dirty prose at that.

His companion was an extraordinarily pretty young prune of the Soul's Awakening type, plainly the Phyllis Mills of whom Kipper had spoken. She said she supposed I was Mrs. Travers's

"I've forgotten my trunks"

nephew Bertie Wooster, which, as we know, was substantially the case.

"I heard you were expected today. I'm Phyllis Mills," she said, and I said that I divined as much and that Kipper had told me to give her his best, and she said: "Oh, Reggie Herring? He's a lambkin, isn't he?"

All this while, Wilbert Cream had been giving abundant evidence that in his opinion three was a crowd. Now he said: "Are you looking for someone?"

I replied that I was looking for Bobbie Wickham.

"Bobbie?" said Phyllis Mills. "She's down at the lake, fishing."

"Then what you do," said Wilbert Cream, brightening, "is follow this path, bend right, sharp left, bend right again, and there you are. You can't miss. Start immediately is my advice."

As I receded in the distance, I could hear in my rear the poetry breaking out again.

The lake at Brankley is really more a sort of young pond. Big enough to mess about on a punt, though, and for the use of those wishing to punt a boat-house has been provided with a small pier or landing stage attached to it.

On this, rod in hand, Bobbie was seated, and it was with me the work of an instant to race up and breathe down the back of her neck.

"Oh, hallo, Bertie. You here?" she said calmly.

"You never spoke a truer word," I said.

"You saw that thing in *The Times*?"

"With the naked eye."

"Puzzled you for a moment?"

"For several moments."

"Well, I'll tell you all about that. The idea came to me in a flash."

"You mean it was you who shoved that communiqué in the journal?"

"Of course. I was paving the way for Reggie."

I passed a hand over my fevered brow. "Something seems to have gone wrong with my usually keen hearing," I said. "It sounds just as if you were saying 'I was paving the way for Reggie.' "

"I was. Reggie Herring."

"You mean old Kipper? How do you mean you were paving the way for him?"

"Making his path straight. Softening up Mother on his behalf. Because I love Reggie, and Reggie loves me."

"But you've never met him."

"Of course I've met him. We met in Switzerland last Christmas."

I was bewildered. It was generally assumed that only something extra special in the way of suitors would meet Roberta's specifications, and that whoever eventually slipped the ring on the third finger of the left hand would be a king among men and pretty warm stuff generally. And she had gone and signed up with Kipper Herring.

No doubt, I felt, as the first stunning shock began to wear off, it was his brain that had done the trick. He had always been well fixed with the little grey cells, and girls admire that sort of thing. And one must not forget that, except for myself, the suitors to whom Roberta Wickham had been giving the bird through the years had been fellows who had more or less shot their bolt after they had said "Eh, what?" and slapped their leg with a hunting crop.

But there was still this announcement in *The Times* stuff to be explained, and I got down to it.

"Well, all right," I said, "we accept the fact that you and he are that way. But if so, why did you blazon it forth to the world that you were engaged to me?"

"I told you," Roberta said. "It was to soften Mother up. Think how Mother will feel when I tell her I'm not going to marry you, but am going to marry Reggie Herring. The relief will be stupendous. She'll welcome him with open arms. You follow me?"

"Oh, yes, I follow you," I said. "You have been doing what Jeeves always does, studying the psychology of the individual. Odd, though, that Kipper never so much as mentioned you to me."

"I particularly told him not to. We didn't want the thing broadcast till Mother had been given the full treatment."

I said: "Well, I'm delighted that we have got you off this season, my dear Bobbie, and particularly pleased that it is with my old friend Kipper. Now that we've got all that straight, I suppose I'd better be going and saying 'Come aboard' to the aged relative."

"What's the time?"

"Close on five."

Roberta got up. "I must run like a hare. I'm supposed to be presiding at the tea table."

"You? Why you?"

"Your aunt's not here. She found a telegram when she got back yesterday saying that her son Bonzo is sick of a fever at his school—mumps or leprosy or something—and dashed off to be with him."

And so saying she receded in the direction of the house at forty or so m.p.h. I followed more slowly, for I was musing tensely.

I was, in short, in a reverie when I walked into the Reverend Aubrey Upjohn. I came on him round a corner and rammed him amidships before I could put the brakes on.

I was immediately struck by the change that had taken place in his appearance since those get-togethers in his study when I had watched him reach for the whangee and start limbering up the shoulder muscles with a few trial swings. At that period of our acquaintance he had been an upstanding old gentleman about eight feet six in height with burning eyes, foam-flecked lips and flame coming out of both nostrils. He had now shrunk to a modest five feet seven or thereabouts, and I could have felled him with a single blow.

Sometime in the fifteen years since our last meeting he had grown a moustache. I didn't know that clergymen ever did this, but I suppose there is no rule against it. And of course, for all I knew, he might have been unfrocked, which is a thing they do to the clergy when they catch them bending.

In the Malvern House epoch what had always struck a chill into the plastic mind had been his wide, bare upper lip, a most unpleasant spectacle to behold, especially when twitching.

"Oh, hallo, Upjohn," I said. "Yoo-hoo!"

"Who are you?" he responded, making it sound like a reverse echo.

"Wooster is the name."

"Oh, Wooster?" he said, as if he had been hoping it would be something else.

"Long time since we met," I said.

"Yes," he agreed in a hollow voice, and it was so plain that he was wishing it had been longer that conversation flagged.

In silence we covered the hundred yards to the lawn where the tea table awaited us. Only Bobbie was present when we arrived at the trough. Wilbert and Phyllis Mills were presumably still in the leafy glade, and Mrs. Cream, Bobbie said, was working in her room on her new spine-freezer.

We seated ourselves and had just started sipping, when the butler came out of the house bearing a bowl of fruit and hove to beside the table with it. Well, when I say "butler," I use the term loosely. He was dressed like a butler and he behaved like a butler, but in the deepest and truest sense of the word he was not a butler.

Reading from left to right, he was Sir Roderick Glossop.

Now, it would be deceiving the customers to say that I was unshaken. The effect the apparition had on me was to make me start violently, and we all know what happens when you start violently while holding a full cup of tea. The contents of mine flew through the air and came to rest on the trousers of the Reverend Aubrey Upjohn.

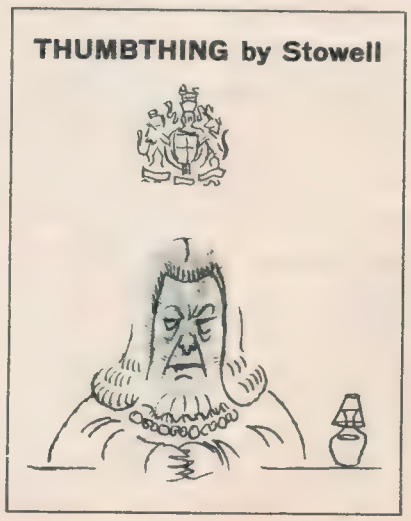
I could see the unfortunate man felt his position deeply, and I was surprised that he contented himself with a mere "Ouch!" But I suppose these clerks in holy orders have to learn to curb the tongue. Words, however, are not always needed. In the look he now shot at me I seemed to read a hundred unspoken expletives.

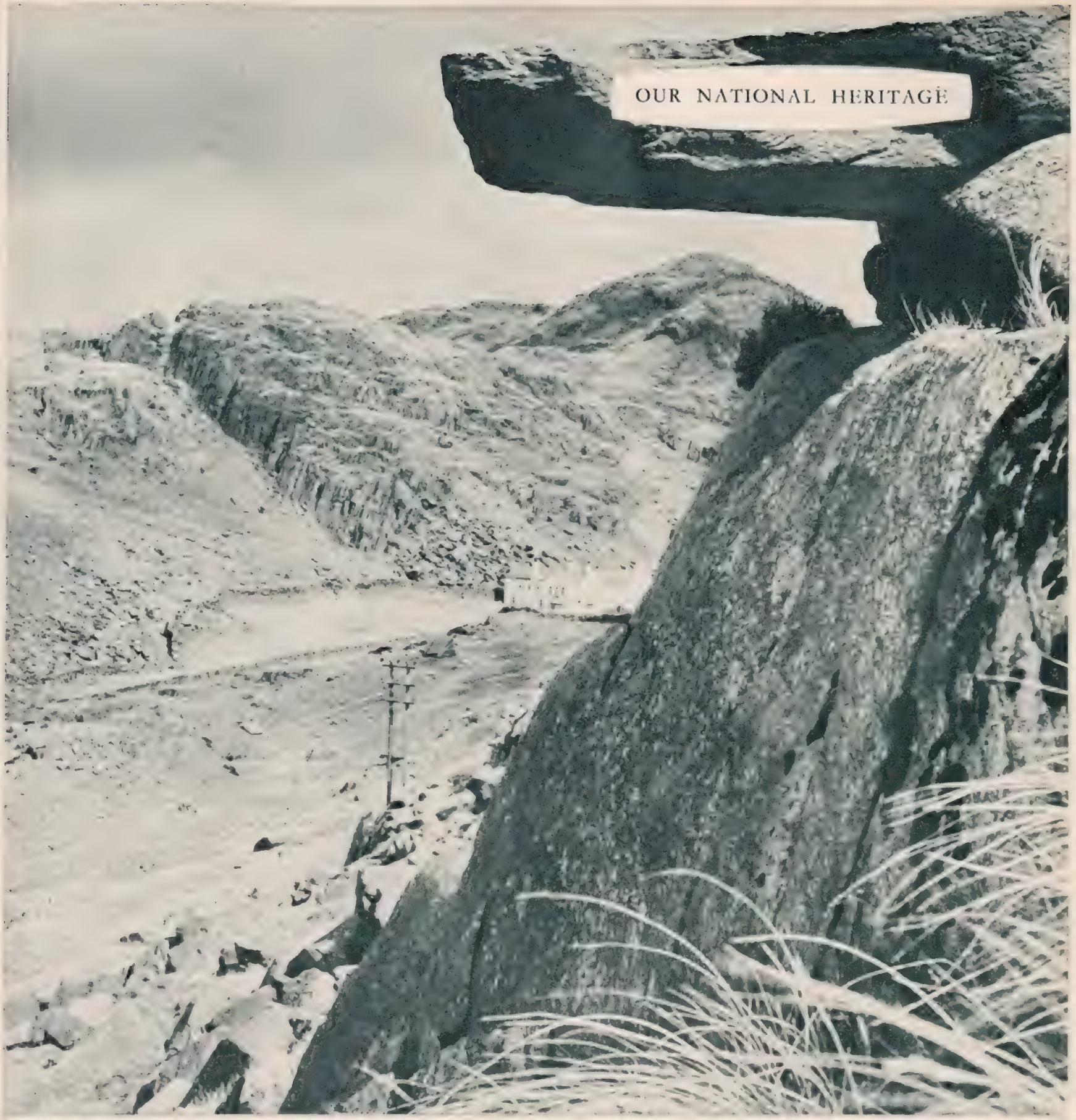
"I see you have not changed since you were with me at Malvern House," he said in an extremely nasty voice. "Bungling Wooster, we used to call him," he went on, addressing his remarks to Bobbie and evidently trying to enlist her sympathy. "He could not perform the simplest action such as holding a cup without spreading ruin and disaster on all sides. The child is father to the man."

"Frightfully sorry," I said.

"Too late to be sorry now. A new pair of trousers ruined. It is doubtful if anything can remove the stain of tea from white flannel. Still, one must hope for the best."

Whether I was right or wrong at this





SNOWDON is Britain's highest mountain outside Scotland, 850 ft. lower than Ben Nevis. Its five lofty peaks dominate the surrounding country, some of the most beautiful in Wales and now preserved as a National Park. At Llanberis Pass,* pictured here, members of the victorious Everest Expedition of 1953 trained and carried out practice climbs. In the valley below lie the two lovely lakes of Padarn and Peris.

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How right you are, Jeeves

continued from page 26

point in patting him on the shoulder and saying "That's the spirit," I find it difficult to decide. He gave me another of those looks and strode off, smelling strongly of tea.

"What is Glossop doing here as the butler?" I asked Bobbie.

"Ah! Now I thought you might be going to ask that," she said. She added: "Well, it was his idea."

I eyed her sternly.

"Are you telling me that Sir Roderick Glossop got up one morning, gazed at himself in the mirror, thought he was looking a little pale and said to himself: 'I need a change. I think I'll try being a butler for a while'?"

"No, not that, but . . . Bertie, stop goggling like a dead halibut."

"I have every right to goggle like a dead halibut," I said coldly. "As always seems to happen when you are mixed up in it, life has become one damn thing after another, and I think I am justified in demanding a categorical explanation."

"Well, Upjohn is trying to make his stepdaughter Phyllis Mills marry Wilbert Cream," Roberta said.

"You think she will be swayed by Upjohn?"

"She always does what he tells her. To give you an instance, he's taking her to Birmingham this evening to see the repertory company's performance of Chekhov's *Seagull*, because he thinks it's educational. Wilbert has only got to propose and she will sign on the dotted line because Upjohn wishes it. Your aunt's as sick as mud about it."

"She doesn't approve?"

"Of course she doesn't approve. You must have heard of Wilbert Cream going over to New York so much. Your aunt thinks he's a lunatic."

"Many playboys are, I believe. Well, that being so, one can understand why she doesn't want those wedding bells to ring out. But," I said, "that doesn't explain where Sir Roderick Glossop comes in."

BOBBIE said: "Yes it does. Your aunt got him here to observe Wilbert Cream. . . . You know how these loony-doctors work. They watch the subject closely. They engage him in conversation. They apply subtle tests. And sooner or later——"

"I begin to see. Sooner or later he lets fall an incautious word to the effect that he's a poached egg."

"Yes. Or at any rate does something which tips them off. That's what we hope will happen with Glossop and Wilbert. So we got him down to Brankley."

"Your idea, no doubt?"

"As a matter of fact, it was. I said to your aunt 'Rope in old Glossop and let him observe. Then you will be in a position,' I said, 'to go to Upjohn and tell him that Sir Roderick Glossop, the greatest loony-doctor in England, is convinced that Wilbert Cream is cuckoo to the n'th degree and to ask him if he proposes to marry his stepdaughter to a man who at any moment may be marched off and added to the membership list of Colney Hatch.' Even Upjohn would shrink from doing that. Or don't you think so?"

I weighed this.

"Yes," I said, "I should imagine you were right. Even Upjohn probably has human feelings, though I never noticed them when I was *in statu pupillari*. One sees now why Glossop is at Brankley Court. What one does not see is why one finds him buttling."

"I told you that was his idea. He thought he was such an eminent figure that it would arouse Mrs. Cream's suspicions if he came here under his own name."

"I see what you mean. She would catch him observing Wilbert and wonder why——"

"Exactly. Mrs. Cream is a woman and a mother, and no woman and mother likes to find that her hostess has got a brain specialist down to observe the son who is the apple of her eye."

"Whereas, if she catches the butler observing him, she merely says to herself: 'Ah, an observant butler'?"

"If that. I think it was very sensible of him. With this deal your uncle has got on with Homer Cream, it would be fatal to risk offending her. The Cream contingent have to be kept sweetened at any cost. So keep all this under your hat."

"Bertram Wooster is not a babbler," I said. "But why are you so certain that Wilbert Cream is loopy?"

"Have you met him?"

"Just for a moment. He was sitting under a shady tree in a leafy glade, reading poetry to the Mills girl."

Bobbie took this big. "Reading *poetry*?" she cried.

"That's right. I remember thinking it odd that a chap like him should be doing such a thing. Limericks, yes."

She continued to take it big. "Break it up, Bertie, break it up! You must go and break it up immediately."

"Who, me? Why me?"

"Because that's what you're here for. Didn't your aunt tell you? She wants you to follow Wilbert Cream and Phyllis about and see that he doesn't get a chance of proposing."

"You mean that I'm to be a sort of private eye tailing them up?"

"That's the idea."

"I don't like it," I said dubiously.

"You don't have to like it," said Bobbie. "You just do it."

Wax in the hands of the other sex, as the expression is, I went and broke it up as directed. At the moment of my arrival Wilbert Cream had taken Phyllis's hand in his, evidently about to say something of an intimate and tender nature. Hearing my "What ho," he turned, hurriedly released the fin and directed at me a look very similar to the one I had recently received from Upjohn.

"Kind of at a loose end?" he said. "Why don't you settle down somewhere with a good book?"

I explained that I had just popped along to tell them tea was now being served on the main lawn, and Phyllis squeaked a bit, as if agitated.

"Oh, dear!" she ejaculated, if that's the word. "I must run. Daddy doesn't like me to be late for tea. He says it's not respectful to my elders."

Wilbert sighed. "I shall take Poppet for a walk," he said, alluding to the dachshund, who was sniffing at my legs, filling his lungs with the delicious Wooster bouquet.

"No tea?" I said.

"No."

"There are muffins."

"Tchah!" he ejaculated, and strode off, followed by the low-slung dog.

WHEN I returned to the lawn, I noticed that on the grass beside Bobbie's chair there was lying a telegram. She picked this up and re-read it with every evidence of enjoyment.

"I shall be leaving you temporarily tomorrow, Bertie," she said. "Got to go home and see Mother. While you were away, another telegram came."

"Has she been telegraphing much?"

"Every hour on the hour."

"About me?"

"About you. Golly, Bertie, my little scheme is working like clockwork. After you, Reggie will come to her like rare and refreshing fruit."

It was as the word "Whoopee!" was bursting from her lips that we became aware of the Rev. Aubrey Upjohn, in fresh trousers, hurrying towards us. His aspect was that of a man who is all of a doodah, and in my shrewd way I instantly spotted the reason for his emotion. He was carrying the current issue of the *Thursday Review*, arrived no doubt by the afternoon post. One could readily divine that he had been glancing through the pages.

I supposed that he had come seeking sympathy but he made no reference to Kipper's six hundred words, apparently preferring to string along with the Spartan boy one used to read about at school who, though his vitals were being gnawed by a fox, never mentioned it to a soul.

"I am looking for Wilbert Cream," he said. "I cannot find him anywhere."

I could help him there. I said: "He has taken the dog Poppet for a walk, Upjohn, old man. When the fields are white with daisies, he will no doubt return."

"Oh," he said, and buzzed off.

"Seems agitated," said Bobbie. "What would you suppose is up?"

I explained about Kipper's contribution to the current issue, and she said, Oh yes, she knew all about that. He had shown her the thing one day when they had been having a bite of lunch together, and laughed heartily at the recollection. She was still laughing when the Rev. came bounding back.

"I have no time to scour the countryside for Wilbert Cream," he said, "so will you tell him that I am obliged to leave for London?"

He shot off again. Bobbie and I drifted after him toward the house.

"What beats me is why Wilbert wants another wife," Bobbie said. "He's had three already."

"Who told you that?"

"Your aunt. She's been delving into his career. No wonder she put in that hurry call to Sir Roderick Glossop to come and observe him. Any man who marries three times must be *non compos*."

"Any man who marries once is *non compos*," I said.

I think she was about to reply to this with one of those crisp ones which all modern girls have at their command, picking them up here and there at their finishing schools, but at this moment the door opened and there appeared a tall woman with a hawklike face who reminded me of Sherlock Holmes. She had an ink spot on her nose, seeing which I deduced that this must be Mrs. Homer Cream, who had spent the day working on her novel of suspense. It is virtually impossible to write a novel of suspense without getting a certain amount of ink on the beezer. Ask Agatha Christie or anyone.

"Oh, hallo, Mrs. Cream," said Bobbie. "How's the book going?"

"Splendidly, thank you, my dear. I finished the most important chapter only a few minutes ago. The rest ought to come quite easily."

"Fine. This is Mrs. Travers's nephew, Bertie Wooster," said Bobbie. "Bertie loves your books," she added, quite unnecessarily, and the Cream started like a Boy Scout at the sound of a bugle.

"Oh, do you?"

"Never happier than when curled up with one of them," I said, trusting that she would not ask me which of them I liked best.

"Always a pleasure to meet the fans," said the Cream. "Which of my books do you like best?"

I HAD got as far as "Er" when Sir Roderick Glossop came in with a telegram for Bobbie on a salver. From her mother, I presumed, calling me some name which she had forgotten to insert in previous communications.

"Oh, thank you, Swordfish," said Bobbie, taking the gram.

It was fortunate that I was not holding a teacup as she spoke, for hearing Sir Roderick thus addressed I gave another of my sudden starts and, had I had such a cup in my hand, must have strewn its contents hither and thither like a sower going forth sowing.

On Mrs. Cream's brow there was a thoughtful wrinkle. Having followed Glossop with a keen glance till the door closed, she said: "This butler of Mrs. Travers's. Do you know where she got him, Miss Wickham?"

"At the usual pet shop, I think."

"Had he references?"

"Oh, yes. He was with Sir Roderick Glossop, the brain specialist, for some time. You probably know Sir Roderick's name?"

"Of course."

"I remember Mrs. Travers saying he gave Swordfish a super-colossal reference. She was greatly impressed."

"References," said Mrs. Cream darkly, "can be forged."

"Good gracious! Why do you say that?"

"Because that man has a criminal face. I feel that Mrs. Travers should be warned. In my *Blackness At Night* the butler turned out to be one of a gang of crooks, planted in the house to make it easy for them to break in. The inside stand, it's called. I strongly suspect that that is why this Swordfish is here, though of course it is quite possible that he is working on his own. One thing I am sure of, and that is that he is not a genuine butler."

© *P. G. Wodehouse, 1959*

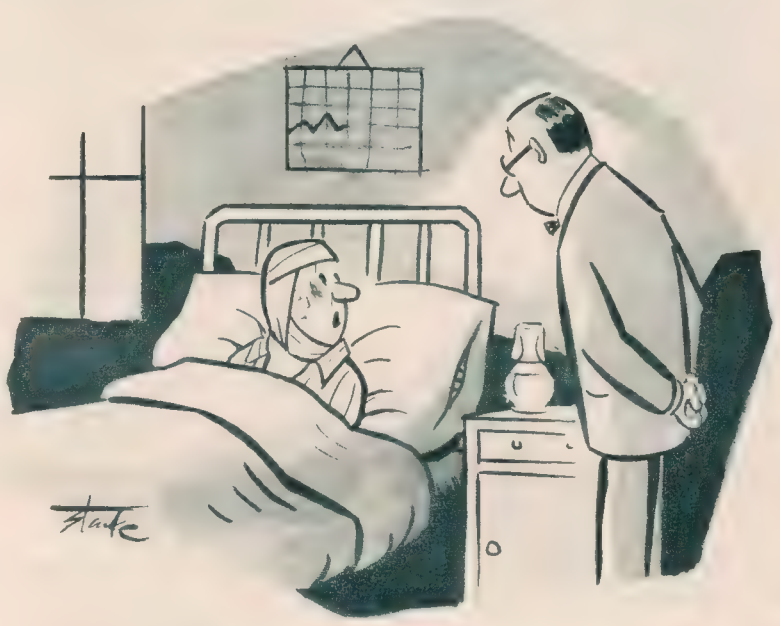
NEXT WEEK: Jeeves to the rescue—with a vital clue

The novel "How Right You Are, Jeeves," by P. G. Wodehouse, will be published next year by Herbert Jenkins. Price 12s. 6d.

FLOWERS—1

There is material enough in a single flower for the ornament of a score of cathedrals.

John Ruskin



"It wasn't exactly something I ate. It was something I said to my wife about something she gave me to eat"

I can't tell Stork from butter

And me country born and bred! Mind you, I've a country appetite, too. Loaf and a half a day, regular—with plenty of that creamy-tasting Stork on it. Crumpets, toast, sandwiches—the more Stork the merrier, say I!

I can . . . it's easier to cream!

Creams like lightning—takes all the ache out of baking—that's how I know it's Stork. And I reckon it makes things *taste* better, too.

STORK

TABLE MARGARINE

creamier taste—

easier to cream!

AT YOUR SERVICE

one of a series

An outing to Oxford

The Stork Demonstration Van is a familiar sight at Agricultural Shows all over the country. The pictures you see here were taken at the Oxfordshire Show, where the Stork Van was the centre of a great deal of attention. As usual, demonstrations were given throughout the day, showing the visitors how to make the recipes in the latest Stork Recipe Booklet. After each demonstration there were free samples of cake and, of course, the recipe book was given away free to all who wanted it. If there is an agricultural show in your district at any time, why don't you pop along and visit the Stork Van? Not only will you be given our latest free recipe booklet, but any cookery problems you have will be answered by the team of experts.

Make the most of your

STORK COOKERY SERVICE

If you want advice on any cookery problems or wish to book a cookery demonstration, write to The Stork Cookery Service, Kildare House, Dorset Rise, London, E.C.4

VAN DEN BERGHS & JURGENS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.4

JSC 527-9872

The secret decision that changed the world

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to surrender before any were dropped on human beings?

Compton's remark made a deep impression upon Stimson, who had been considering such an idea himself. He asked the general conversation to stop, and put the question to the entire table. Various suggestions were discussed and deemed unlikely to work. One problem, of course, was that each side in the war was quite willing to believe the other was bluffing or pulling some trick.

America would have to be quite careful to prove to the Japanese that she possessed what she said she possessed. Therefore, she would most likely have to explode one on Japanese territory. It could not very well be announced in advance when and where it would be done, since nobody considered Japan's air defences to be absolutely powerless. No person, except perhaps an air-power enthusiast, was willing to say flatly that America could pick a date and be absolutely sure that on that date a bomb could, without fail, be delivered to such and such a mountain top or desert plain on one of Japan's main islands.

If it were a dud . . .

The intricate bomb was still in the developmental stage. Saying that atomic bombs could be made was quite different from saying that every one of them would be a success, especially under combat conditions. If America advertised a demonstration and then produced a dud, the results for peace would be worse than if one had not been tried at all.

Of this possibility, Mr. Byrnes has said: "We feared that, if the Japanese were told that the bomb would be used on a given locality, they might bring our boys who were prisoners of war to that area. Also, the experts had warned us that the static test which was to take place in New Mexico, even if successful, could not be conclusive proof that a bomb would explode when dropped from an aeroplane."

Thus the scientists and the Interim Committee as a whole voted against demonstration, and for military use of the bomb.

The Scientific Panel's report was given to the Interim Committee on June 16, but before that time Stimson's office was to hear from other scientists, men who felt quite strongly about the dangers the bomb would bring to America. To these counsels Stimson listened with sharp ear and heavy heart.

The warnings were embodied in an historic document known as The Franck Report.

By early 1945 many scientists on the Manhattan Project were not only searching their own consciences but also discussing among themselves their fears about the bomb and the future. This was especially the case within the ranks of the "informed" scientists working in the "Metallurgical Laboratory" as it was discreetly known, at the University of Chicago.

Here was a galaxy of scientific talent to be matched only by Los Alamos at the same, or slightly later, time. Arthur Compton, the chief of the Chicago group, had a rôle akin to the director of the Metropolitan Opera: he had to deal with genius and talent on every hand—scientists such as Fermi, Szilard, Harold C. Urey, and Samuel K. Allison, T. R. Hogness, Herbert L. Anderson, Eugene Rabinowitch, Cecil Smith and James Franck.

Many of these men had seen a good deal of the world. They not only asked questions of nature, they asked questions about man and society. Night after night they talked of how and whether man could survive the tomorrow which they foresaw.

Franck, like many of the others a refugee from occupied Europe, was a Nobel Prize-winning chemist of the first order. He was quite pleased to join the project, later becoming an American citizen and enjoying the rare distinction of election to the National Academy of Sciences.

In the winter season of 1944-45, as the scientists more and more often turned to non-scientific questions raised by the bomb, Franck was a natural leader in the discussions. Eventually a semi-official committee was formed; a Committee on Social and Political Implications. Franck was named chairman.

The names of the members of this group have been officially held secret to this day, but some are known. Among them were D. Hughes, Joyce Stearns, Glenn Seaborg, James J. Nickson, Leo Szilard and Eugene Rabinowitch. The latter was a Russian-born chemist who possessed the unusual combination of first-class scientific ability and first-class literary skill.

That spring Franck and Rabinowitch and the others worked, with a great sense of responsibility, drafting and redrafting various sections of their statement. They worked mainly at Chicago, and the document, since it dealt with secret matters, had to be locked up like any other secret material. The group did not know what to call their document, and it finally became known as the Franck Report, their remarks being addressed to the Secretary of War.

Why did these men, men of cold logic and objective method, write such an unofficial letter to high authorities who might not be interested?

We may judge that they wrote it because they were afraid: afraid that all the treasures of man—and man himself—might be destroyed in the next war. In 1939, Szilard and his colleagues were thinking of the atom in World War II; in 1945 they were having nightmares of the atom in World War III.

The preamble to the report began with the expression of fear that atomic bombs might one day fall upon the free world, and that scientists did not foresee adequate defences against them.

"All of us," they wrote, meaning the scientists working in secret, "familiar with the present state of nucleonics, live with the vision before our eyes of sudden destruction visited on our own country, of a Pearl Harbour disaster repeated in thousand-fold magnification in every one of our major cities."

They said that, in the past, science had often been able to provide new protection against new methods of aggression, but that this could not be expected for the super-destructive weapons of the future. Protection for the human race had to come "from the political organization of the world."

On secrecy, they concluded that there was no chance of keeping the basic development secret. Nor did they think America could keep so many secrets as to remain far ahead of other countries, and thereby be so superior that others would not attack. They completely rejected the arguments of national strength-through-secrecy.

On Russia, they wrote: "The experience of Russian scientists in nuclear research is entirely sufficient to enable them to retrace our steps within a few years, even if we should make every attempt to conceal them."

On the balance of power, they saw little hope in having any major power assume that its basic industrial strength could protect it in the new age. The report predicted that these weapons would put a premium upon surprise attack. Enemy bombs could even be hidden in major cities and touched off by remote control. They foresaw something that they had begun to call "suitcase warfare."

On the atomic armaments race, the report gave a warning: "If no efficient international agreement is achieved, the race for nuclear armaments will be on in earnest not later than the morning after our first demonstration of the existence of nuclear weapons. After this, it might take other nations three or four years to overcome our head start, and eight or ten years to draw even with us if we continue to do intensive work in this field."

With this background introduction, the report turned to the specific question of various ways to use the bomb then being prepared.

On the use of the bomb, the scientists thought that Allied statesmen should be looking forward to a world that would have established control over atomic bombs, and that "a demonstration of the new weapon might best be made, before the eyes of representatives of all the United Nations, on a desert or barren island."

The Franck Report authors suggested that, after a demonstration, the bomb might be used against Japan, "with the sanction of the United Nations and public opinion at home." They assumed that first Japan might be given an ultimatum to surrender or to evacuate certain regions. "This may sound fantastic," they argued, "but in nuclear weapons we have something entirely new in order of magnitude of destructive power, and if we want to capitalize fully on the advantage their possession gives us, we must use new and imaginative methods."

Shock for Russia?

On using the bomb without warning, the Franck group thought that: ". . . the question of the use of the very first available bombs . . . should be weighed very carefully, not only by military authorities, but by the highest political leadership of this country. Russia, and even allied countries which bear less mistrust of our ways and intentions, as well as neutral countries, may be deeply shocked by this step. It may be very difficult to persuade the world that a nation which was capable of secretly preparing and suddenly releasing a new weapon, as indiscriminate as the rocket bomb and a thousand times more destructive, is to be trusted in its proclaimed desire of having such weapons abolished by international agreement."

In conclusion, the scientists wrote that an atomic arms race would place the United States at a disadvantage, because of her concentrated population. "We believe that these considerations make the use of nuclear bombs for an early unannounced attack against Japan inadvisable."

By June 11 the Franck Report had been delivered to Secretary Stimson's office. On this same day the combat air crews of the 509th were flying over the Pacific, towards their destination, Tinian.

When on June 16 the Scientific Advisory Panel, which had met informally with Oppenheimer at Los Alamos, reported back to the Interim Committee, it used a sentence which Stimson was to underline and never forget: "We can propose no technical demonstration likely to bring an end to the war; we see no acceptable alternative to direct military use."

Fuchs the traitor

Let us now look at some of the activity going on in the underworld of espionage.

In 1945 there were several Russian espionage groups operating in the United States and Canada. A man who combined unusual intelligence, advanced education, and complete access to top-secret information was the ideal scientist-agent, Klaus Fuchs. He was a theoretical physicist, working on the most complex and most secret scientific problems of "Manhattan." Even at the time of this story, he was in on the considerations of Oppenheimer and others on hydrogen-fusion reaction, which later led to the H-bomb.

Another scientist-agent was Harry Gold. He had a bland moon-face and was neither slender nor fat, neither handsome nor ugly. At thirty he already had discouraged, slouched shoulders and was outwardly far more mouse than man; shy, quiet, always neatly but never sharply dressed.

On a May night in 1945, he went to a table in the rear of Volk's Café, near 42nd Street and Third Avenue, in New York. There he met a man named Yakovlev, who had been his immediate superior in the spy machine since March of the previous year.

Yakovlev told Gold that he would be sent on a trip west within a few days. On this trip Gold would be known as "Dave of Pittsburgh." He would go to Santa Fé, New Mexico, and meet Klaus Fuchs. Then Gold would go to Albuquerque and pick up some drawings from a Los Alamos scientific technician, "Mr. X," whom we now know was David Greenglass. Gold's password would be: "I come from Julius."

Gold was nervous about the entire project. Just travelling across the country was quite a thing for this shy man. "How will they know me?" he asked.

From his pocket Yakovlev took one half of the top of an ordinary jelly box and gave it to Gold as his recognition device. The other half had already been given to David Greenglass by Julius Rosenberg, his brother-in-law. Neither half had any markings on it, other than the printing one would expect to find on a piece of box of raspberry jelly. Julius Rosenberg reportedly said of this idea: "The simplest ideas are the cleverest."

On Sunday morning, June 3, less

FLOWERS—2

What a desolate place the world would be without a flower! It would be a face without a smile, a feast without a welcome.

Mrs. Balfour

than a hundred days to the time when the bomb would be ready, Harry Gold walked up a steep flight of stairs in a second-rate apartment building at 209 North High Street, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

A young army corporal, officially T/5 David Greenglass, opened the door. He was only twenty-three, but was a big chunky man, bigger and better-looking than Gold.

"Mr. Greenglass?" said Gold very softly. "Julius sent me."

At that, Greenglass let him into the room, walked over to a table, and picked up his wife's purse. Taking out his piece of the box, he walked silently back to his visitor. Gold produced his part of the label.

Gold said: "I'm Dave from Pittsburgh."

Greenglass told Gold that he had some information, but that it would have to be written out. They had been expecting him, but not on that particular day. Gold would have to wait.

Returning to the Hotel Hilton, he went to his room and read a mystery story for several hours. He had registered under his own name, one of the two mistakes he made on that trip.

In mid-afternoon Gold went back to North High Street and found them waiting for him. Ruth Greenglass had made tea. Greenglass was now in his army uniform, and his manner was much more businesslike. His report was finished, neatly done on eight-by-ten-inch ruled white paper. The drawings showed ways of making bomb "lenses," which helped to "focus" super-explosions. At that time the first bomb had not yet been tested.

On those sheets of paper Greenglass had caught the essential mechanism of the final instrument produced by genius. He and Gold, of course, did not have to understand fully, they only had to fulfil their mission to transmit these drawings.

Gold became very nervous; he could not get away fast enough. The Greenglasses, though, who had not been out of their apartment all day, insisted on walking with him towards his station.

On the night of June 5, Gold arrived back in New York.

By various subway trips, he travelled a zig-zag route to a quiet neighbourhood far out in Brooklyn.

His appointment with Yakovlev was set for 10 p.m. They saw each other in the distance and approached each other cautiously. At the last moment either of them might see something that would lead him to avoid the meeting. In that case, they would pass with no sign of recognition. But tonight things went smoothly; Brooklyn and the entire world seemed asleep.

They met; they greeted each other quietly; they walked together for a block—and they exchanged newspapers.

The paper given by Yakovlev to Gold was empty. But in Gold's newspaper were two large Manila envelopes. One envelope was marked DOCTOR and one was marked OTHER. They contained the information from Klaus Fuchs and David Greenglass.

Perhaps two minutes elapsed. Then the two men separated hurriedly.

The Gimmick's date

It was also early in June that Colonel Tibbets was told he would have a working model of "The Gimmick" not later than August 6.

On the night of June 5, President Truman invited Joseph E. Davies, Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy, James F. Byrnes, and Acting Secretary of State Joseph C. Grew to dinner.

Davies had just returned from a trip to see Churchill, whom he found in a state of great agitation. At Chequers, his country home, Churchill had kept Davies up nearly all one night. From eleven o'clock until four-thirty the next morning they had reviewed the world situation and the Prime Minister's fears for the future.

Churchill told Davies: "Perhaps it will fall to a very few men to decide in the next few weeks the kind of life that will confront several generations to come."

This conversation was crucially important to United States foreign policy, for Truman at that time was learning the inside story of America's relations with her wartime allies. He had asked Davies to sound out the Prime Minister on a ticklish subject.

Since Truman, as senator and Vice-President, had never met Stalin nor gone to any of the wartime summit meetings, he thought that it might be appropriate for him to have a separate meeting with the Russian dictator before the forthcoming meeting of the Big Three, tentatively planned for a month later at Potsdam.

According to Davies, Churchill had reacted most unfavourably to this suggestion, although he was strongly in favour of the Big Three Conference.

Davies told Leahy and Truman that, in general, the Prime Minister was tired, nervous, and working under great stress. Churchill was also fed up with de Gaulle, the leader of the Free French, and bitter towards Marshal Tito, whom he thought to have placed Yugoslavia completely under Stalin's thumb.

Davies said Churchill was "vehement and violent" in his criticisms of the Soviet Union. He thought that the secret police and Gestapo methods in the areas the Soviets had occupied were "more horrible" than Communism itself.

Leahy felt that Churchill's highly emotional state did not augur well for discussions with "the cool, implacable Stalin who probably would face us across the conference table."

But the White House dinner guests could not disagree with Churchill's sentiments that "perhaps it would fall to a very few men to decide in the next few weeks the kind of life that would confront several generations to come."

Those weeks were to bring worry and heart-searchings in Washington, as a result of another poll taken among scientists; in Los Alamos, as a result of a last-minute hitch with testing the bomb; and in Tinian, where anxious airmen listened to the news from Radio Tokyo and wondered if the best-kept secret of the war had, in fact, reached the enemy.

NEXT WEEK: The bomb goes off, then Churchill loses his temper

© Michael Amrine, 1959.

"The Great Decision," by Michael Amrine, will be published as a book by Heinemann later this year.

NEXT WEEK

How a woman can earn £7,500 a year

The exciting true success story of the £8-a-week girl clerk who worked her way to the top and became "the boss" to hundreds of men

Robinson's

LEMON BARLEY and GLUCOSE

for Refreshment and Energy

—says OLD HETHERS

BE A BETTER DRIVER

by GEORGE EYLES, *Chief Examiner of the Institute of Advanced Motorists*

How fast do you deal with danger?

A DRIVING instructor I know was lecturing a class of students, and I shall always remember his remarks on accidents.

"There are only two types of accidents; the one which can't happen to you and the one which happens to the other bloke," he said. "In both cases, it is always the other driver who is to blame."

Good driving is a state of mind. If you always want to be at the front and are willing to take risks to get there, or if you are anxious to gamble life for seconds, you will never be a good driver.

We all make mistakes; the consistently perfect driver does not exist. But the important thing about "off-days" is to be able to recognize them when we have them.

When you are feeling tired, perhaps irritable or worried, remind yourself before starting the engine that in your present state your reactions are slower and that you have a duty to the family waiting at home.

One aspect of driving which is not always fully appreciated even by wide-awake motorists is "reaction time-lag."

Drivers who say: "I stopped dead when the child ran into the road," are talking nonsense. This is a physical impossibility. At 30 m.p.h., a driver who is able to move his foot from the accelerator to the brake pedal in half a second travels 22 feet, after which a further 45 feet will be required to bring the car to a standstill.

Therefore, the actual stopping distance is the thinking distance plus the braking distance. And whereas the thinking distance will be only twice as much at twice the speed, the actual braking distance will be four times greater.

Make a habit of covering the foot-brake whenever the accelerator is not in use, or at the first sign of danger. For night driving, a further time-lag has to be considered — the time required to recover from glare. It can be anything from two to seven seconds.

You can test your own reaction to glare in the following manner:

Roll a piece of paper or thin cardboard into a tube of about 1½ in. diameter and face a bright light. Now hold a book or paper between the end of the tube and the light and read a paragraph. Suddenly remove the book so as to receive the full glare of the light; then replace the book and get a friend to time how long it takes you to start reading.

This is your reaction time, and you should remember it when you are behind the wheel of a car.

Finally, alcohol may encourage you to drive faster and take extra risks, but there is ample proof that it slows down reactions.

The time to have "one for the road" is when the car is locked safely in the garage.

The Institute of Advanced Motorists is a non-profit-making organization, its object being to improve the standard of driving and the promotion of road safety. Its address is 21 Harrington Road, London, S.W.7.

We've got to find them jobs

continued from page 15

taken by the Carr Committee, set up to consider the industrial training problems arising out of the bulge. The responsibility, it declared, must rest firmly on the shoulders of industry.

However, a year ago, to promote the process, the government did set up an Industrial Training Council, with twenty members from industry and trade unions. Now it has set aside £75,000, which—with an equal contribution from industry—the I.T.C. hope will finance the appointment of *one* full-time training development officer for each major industry.

And what busy men they are likely to be!

In the meantime, the Industrial Training Council is sending out leaflets about the problem, setting up subcommittees to study training systems, and dispatching exhortations to industrial federations appealing for an expansion of apprenticeship training by twenty per cent.

If industry were wholly made up of great concerns with large resources it is possible that this approach might prove adequate. But the bulk of firms are small, and they are in business to make money.

Making Teddy Boys

Said Tom Jones, lorry-driver member of Tonypandy's employment committee: "You know, it's we who'll be to blame in the future. We talk about Teddy Boys—we're *making* them.

"I think it's tragic—all these lads being put into dead-end jobs or no jobs at all. If the old system won't work, well, I think it's high time a new method was adopted."

Down in Cardiff, at the foot of this intricate web of narrow mining valleys, a new method was indeed *almost* adopted. Robert Presswood, Cardiff's director of education, put forward a plan by which an unused, yet equipped, Royal Ordnance Factory was to be taken over and used to train all the city's potential apprentices who could not get in elsewhere.

There are more than a thousand such state-run *centres d'apprentissages* in France. A large part of France's craftsmen are trained in them.

Yet when this bold plan reached Whitehall it was promptly turned down. Industrialists felt that the task of training must be theirs alone. And trade union chiefs viewed with misgivings the creation of a pool of skilled craftsmen in an area of long-standing unemployment. Anyway, the whole thing was a radical departure from The Good Old British Tradition.

Another effective and much recommended method of multiplying opportunity is the "group apprenticeship" system by which a number of small firms get together, each providing a part of the necessary experience and training facilities.

In a good many parts of the country, youth employment authorities have called meetings to try to get such schemes going. They have often been poorly attended. And even then there has been a great deal of talk but practically no action.

After several years' campaigning, British engineering has only about thirty group schemes in operation, covering 340 apprentices.

So the feast of exhortation continues. Only one voice goes unheard: the voice of the boy or girl who, in this "wonder age of opportunity," cannot even get a decent start in life.

Meanwhile, the youth employment officers continue to tour the schools, preaching the doctrine: "Whatever you do, don't take a dead-end job. Learn a skill. Get into something with a future to it."

Boys and girls who try to follow this excellent advice are now increasingly finding that they have embarked on a desperate, endless, profoundly discouraging hunt in which, again and again, there are a couple of hundred applications for each dozen apprenticeships. "There's a tremendous weeding out going on," was the way one youth employment officer put it to me.

Certainly, for the more clever boys and girls the door of opportunity remains firmly wedged open. For the effect of the increasing pressure on the available training is that each firm steps up its educational requirements.

But equally it is true that some once relatively simple traditional crafts, such as building, are now being so rapidly transformed by new techniques that an apprentice simply *must* have a capacity for grasping the theoretical.

Thus, the "problem of the bulge" is very apt to resolve itself into the problem of the merely average boy or girl, most probably from the secondary modern school. For—as the Carr Report pointed out—"a boy who fails to obtain an apprenticeship has usually little chance of obtaining other systematic training in employment."

And even now—before the bulge's real impact—two in every three boys *do* fail to obtain apprenticeships.

What this means, then, is that boys and girls who have already had to face the ordeal of election or rejection at the age of eleven are at fifteen once again rather brutally and irrevocably divided into the successful and the also-rans.

This is possibly even more wasteful than the deficiency in apprenticeships —and even more deeply wrong.

It is also quite unnecessary. At a recent press conference, Lord McCorquodale went out of his way to stress the importance which the Industrial Training Council intends to attach to the idea of "training for *all*."

But if it is ever to be more than a pious aspiration, a new approach will clearly be necessary. Industry is geared to the trade cycle: the annual crop of school-leavers takes no account of the vagaries of boom and slump. The massive process of modernization of teenage training which is now required is manifestly a task much larger than industry alone can tackle.

Too old at seventeen

The apprentice has an honourable place in Britain's industrial story. But, eight hundred years old, the apprenticeship system still clings to features deriving from the days when public education was almost non-existent.

The relatively rigid rule that apprenticeship must begin at sixteen and, whatever the occupation, continue for five years, still causes many young people who, for one reason or another, have missed their chance at the appropriate moment to find that they are "too old at seventeen." Yet in the United States one can be apprenticed up to the age of thirty-five.

Nor should the five-year period of "serving time" be treated—as it has been treated—as sacrosanct. In some occupations it is admitted that it could readily be shortened (apprenticeships run for three years in Russia).

Periodic examinations are necessary to make sure that the apprentice is getting proper training. They already exist in a few trades, such as motor-engineering: but in many others there are no effective checks at all.

A closer partnership of technical schools and training firms, of State and industry, is needed. If the first year of apprenticeship could be spent in a technical school—or the "sandwich" principle extended to craft apprenticeship—opportunities could be at once expanded.

The possibilities of joint training centres and group schemes have hardly begun to be explored. Tax allowances for apprentices would be an incentive to small firms to do their share.

Most important of all, the rigid distinction between "apprenticeship" and other forms of industrial training is today largely obsolete. If this medievalism could be swept out of the way, the ensuing flexibility would make it possible to devise courses and training methods tailored for a much wider range of youngsters, including those whose "brains are in their fingers."

Girls are likely to fare somewhat better in the bulge years than their brothers, for there is a back-log of demand from offices and shops.

Yet for girls, too, opportunity is restricted very narrowly by outdated convention.

Few and far between are such bold pioneers as Linda Hitchens, who travels each day from Tonypandy through the valleys to the pleasant white factory of South Wales Switchgear in Monmouthshire. There, with seven other local girls, she is in her second year as an apprentice electrical engineer.

The work, the girls say, is no heavier or dirtier than housework—and financially and otherwise certainly promises to be more rewarding.

The time has gone by when the nation could shrug off all responsibility for its young people the moment the school doors closed behind them. Having embraced "secondary education for all" with the declared aim of realizing the full potential of every individual, it is now necessary—if difficult—to face its logical consequences.

The next three or four years will show whether this challenge will be met.

THE END

DACHSIE

It's a date

continued from page 12

gangster with the gun in his gloved hand and George looked at each other. The man raised the gun again.

So this was the way of it, thought George. All that talk about a car crash was bunk.

"Come on, Snowy," called one of the other bandits, half across the pavement to the car. "Quick."

"He's seen me," said Snowy, "Rod, he's seen me. I've got to do him."

"For God's sake, no," screamed the other. "No more shooting."

He knocked the gun upwards.

"Get him into the car," panted Rod, grabbing at George.

George struggled madly.

"I got to kill him," Snowy was shouting. "I tell you I got to kill him."

"Into the car and stop yapping or we'll all be caught," said the third man, a short, squat fellow.

ROD pushed himself between George and Snowy and with surprising strength dragged them across the pavement. He flung George into the front seat by the driver and the rest of them piled into the back. The car slid away.

"You killed him," said Rod in a breathless voice. "Snowy, *why* did you do it? I never knew you had a gun."

"Oh, yes you did. Don't try that—we're all in this together." He glared at Rod. "The old fool saw me," he went on viciously, "and this chap—we've got to finish him off, too."

"No," said Rod.

George felt something hard press against the base of his skull. But this isn't the way of it, he thought and sent out a kind of silent cry to young Trevor Ansell wherever he was.

A struggle was going on behind him. "Put that gun away, Snowy," said

FLOWERS—3

Earth laughs in flowers.

R. W. Emerson

Rod's voice. "Don't be a fool. That's it. If you pull it again till I give the word I'll hit you. Step on it, Mike."

Mike, the driver, a rangy youth with tow-coloured hair, was stepping on it.

They had shaken free of the maze of streets. The hand of the speedo swung steadily to the hundred mark.

George had glimpsed the number plate. It was K.T.P. It was the wrong number and the wrong time. He must pin his hopes on that.

The car was slowing, with Mike looking back over his shoulder. Then slowly he swung off the road into a cart track, took another turn and pulled her up. They were in a kind of amphitheatre.

"Got to change those number plates now," said Mike.

They all got out—George with them.

"Go up to the road, Charlie, and watch," said Rod to the short fat man, and he went off.

Mike was busy at the back of the car. George was watching him. There was a sudden scuffle behind him. "I told you no, Snowy," said Rod's voice.

George turned. Snowy was rubbing his wrist and Rod was putting something into his overcoat pocket.

"We take him with us," said Rod. "If we get away, we'll dump him off somewhere. It won't matter then what he tells the police. If things look sticky, I'll do for him myself. Okay?"

The short man was running down the lane towards them.

"Two police cars," he said. "They've stopped at the end of the lane."

They all stood frozen, like a still from a film. They watched the mouth of the quarry where it opened into the lane.

The moments drained away.

"False alarm," said Mike.

"What do we do now, Mike?" said Rod.

Mike considered, tapping his teeth lightly with a screwdriver. "Across the Cheyne," he said finally, "double back beyond the Tor and into Westerdon. We'll turn north there. They're probably expecting us to make for the Smoke. All quiet roads. Can do."

He picked up the other plate and knelt down almost at George's feet.

George gave a cry. "No," he said. "No!"

"You shut your row, mate," Rod said savagely. "I've had enough trouble with you already."

"It's G.K.," said George. "I'm not going in any car with a G.K. registration. I tell you, I know. This is the day. I'm going to be killed in a car with a G.K. registration."

"You're safe enough in this car," said Mike. He held the plate fully exposed. "G.K.N. You don't think I'd put an old two-letter plate on a new job like this, do you, sweetheart?"

"It was snapped off," said George. "It might have been G.K.N."

"Are you going to get in?" said Rod in a quiet voice that somehow had more threat in it than all Snowy's hysterics. "Right, now shut up."

They all piled in. Mike backed the car and turned up the lane away from the main road. After a while they emerged on the moor. The speedo crept up again. The roads were too narrow to be speed roads but Mike was certainly a driver.

The men behind were silent. George gave them a backward glance. Their heads had dropped forward; they swung and jerked to the car's rhythm.

"Asleep?" questioned Mike's voice beside him. "You'd think it queer that men could sleep at such a time, but they do. It's the reaction."

They swished, silent as the angel of death, through a village.

"Today," said Mike's dreamy voice, "I could put this beauty through the eye of a needle. That's all I've wanted of life—a fast car to drive."

"Look," said George urgently, "pull up. Let me get out. I'll make it worth your while."

MIKE'S mocking smile answered him. "What was that you said back there about being killed today?" he asked interestedly.

"Someone forecast it."

"Sort of gipsy's warning, eh?" said Mike. "I'll tell you one thing, chum, I'm not going to hang—you bet your sweet life on that. But they'll hang the lot of us if they catch up with us . . . and I'm not going to spend years in prison. I've had some.

"Do you know what gets me down most? The echoes. Every time they slam a door, or you put down a pail, or walk along, it's as though your head

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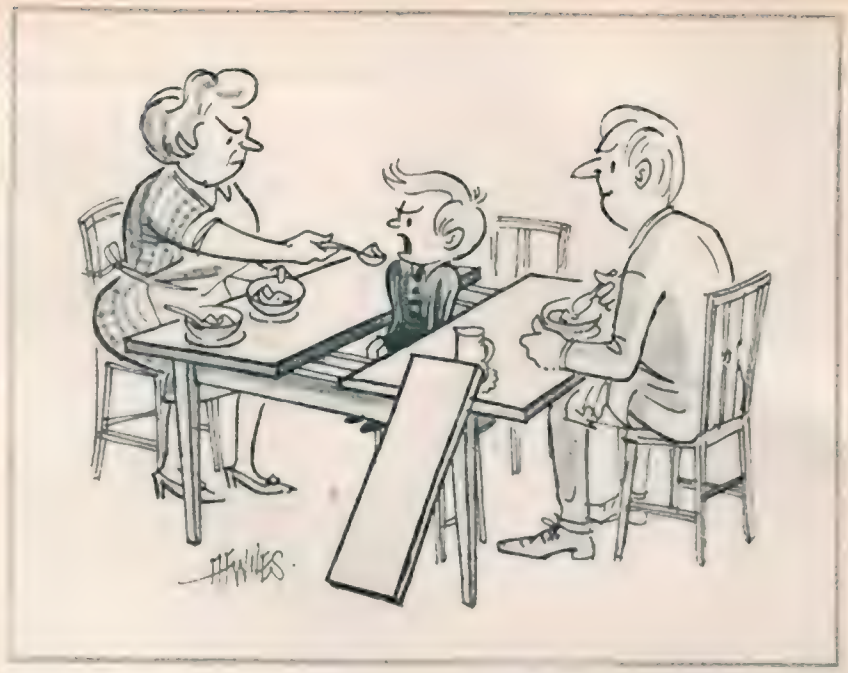

It's a date

continued from previous page

was hollow and all the echoes were inside it. No, when you're in a car and at speed like this, there's always an open door ahead of you, and any time you want you can go through it."

"You're mad," said George.

"Maybe," said Mike. "Tell me more about that warning of yours. We're dropping down into Westerdon. I didn't tell them, but they're bound to have a road block there. Reckon that's where your warning'll come true, matey."

Another village fled past them. They tore onwards into a narrow lane, with a lorry parked half-way along it and an ancient car ahead of them, almost level with the lorry. Inch by inch the old car was clearing the stationary vehicle. With a giant's stride, unchecked, the great car was hurtling down towards the pair of them.

"No," cried George, hoarsely.

The men in the back awoke. They had a glimpse of the aged driver's indignant face. They scraped the side of the lorry and were through.

There was a row of trees ahead. The slightest move of those slender hands on the wheel and they would clear them, and the hands did not move. The trees raced towards them. . . .

Out of a world of noise, of crashing glass, of overwhelming movement, came silence and stillness. George opened his eyes. Mike was looking at him, grinning. But Mike was dead.

George looked at Mike, then at the men at the back and away with a shudder. *I suppose I'm dead too,* he thought. *But I don't feel dead. I can see, I can hear. Surely this isn't death?*

He moved himself cautiously. There was no pain. The door had been torn off by his side. He clambered carefully out.

The old car was clattering towards him. The driver got out and ran stiff-legged towards him.

"Are you all right?"

"Not a scratch," said George.

"Talk of miracles," said the old man, looking at him with awe. "You weren't meant to be killed in a motor accident, that's certain."

"You're right," said George. Pity that young idiot Ansell wasn't alive to see this, getting everything mixed up and frightening a chap for nothing.

Cars and lorries were arriving. Presently the police appeared. George had an uneasy feeling that they might think he was one of the gang, but it seemed they had heard what had happened from the other cashier. George began to feel a bit of a hero.

Everyone who looked at the wreck gazed at George and said how marvellous it was he was still alive. And he thought it was marvellous too. He was feeling fine. It hadn't happened at seven-thirty but at three; the car wasn't G.K. but G.K.N.; and instead of being killed, he was alive.

He began to chuckle.

"You all right, sir?" asked one of the policemen. "Have some of this. You're getting a bit of reaction."

"I'm all right," said George, but had a swig nevertheless. The first, he thought, for the new road.

"Might be as well if you had a check-up," said the constable. "I'd drop into Westerdon Hospital if I were you. They'll give you a run over and something for your nerves."

"I'm all right," said George.

The policeman persisted, "I think you'd better," and eventually George climbed into the ancient car which had arrived first on the scene and they clattered off. It was certainly different from the silent sweep of that other car. He looked at the aged gentleman driving and thought of Mike and his love of fast driving.

"Westerdon's just over the hill," said the old man. "Won't be long now."

George had no idea of going to hospital. He'd get out, thank the old man, slip off to the station and be back in London for the evening. He'd have plenty of time for that.

He looked down at the clock on the dashboard. . . .

"That clock," he said hoarsely.

"Stopped," said the old gentleman. "Been like that since I bought it. Always has pointed to half-past seven."

"What's the registration number?" demanded George.

"G.K.0011," said the old boy proudly. "That'll give you some idea of this old bus's age. But it still gets me about. The brakes aren't what they should be, but I know their little tricks and nurse 'em along."

George was wrestling with the door. "Let me out, let me out!" he cried.

"There now," said the old gentleman, looking at him with concern, "it's like what they said, delayed shock. You'll be all right."

"I tell you I must get out!" shouted George, struggling with the door. "There's going to be a crash. I'm going to be killed."

"No, no," soothed the old man. "You're getting things mixed. That's already happened. . . ."

Unconsciously he was speeding up to a figure beyond the capacity of the vehicle or himself. This was a big chap by his side and, if he started raving and getting violent, Heaven knows what might happen.

"Everything's going to plan," he said, his ancient vehicle flat out for the first and only time since he'd had it. "We're almost into Westerdon. Just round this last bend, and you'll have arrived."

THE END

© *John Nield, 1959*

The wildest game

continued from page 14

natives as guides, just to see the lizards which live in dens among the rocky hills.

We camped along the rocks for the night and as soon as it was light, we crawled up on a high ridge to wait. When the sun had warmed the rocks, we began to see the lizards emerging from their lairs. Although I had seen and handled the eight-foot kabaragoya lizards, I got a shock when I saw these monsters. One of them stood up on his hind legs to sniff the morning breeze. He was nearly as tall as a man.

The long tongues of the lizards were constantly flicking in and out. Probably like snakes they could pick up minute particles of matter carried by the wind and transfer the particles to the taste organs in the roofs of their mouths, "tasting" the air so to speak. The natives told me that the lizards were completely deaf but could smell a man a mile away. Fortunately, we were upwind of them.

I spent all day watching them and would gladly have spent a week. They seemed to grow more active as the sun grew hotter, making occasional short dashes after some small quarry with surprising speed.

On the way back to Java I did a great deal of thinking, and when I arrived on the island I spent several days going through all the records I could find of the Komodo dragons. Finally, I presented myself at the forestry department in Bogor, but all my attempts to obtain a permit to trap lizards were in vain. Reluctantly I came to the conclusion that attempting to trap in Indonesia was not practical.

Mercia flew out to meet me in Colombo and we discussed our future plans. The Philadelphia Zoo in the United States had ordered a pair of Indian rhinos and I had already obtained the necessary trapping permits from Assam. After getting the rhinos, I'd intended to send them with some capable man to America while remaining in India to pick up some other animals, but Mercia had a different idea.

"Peter, we must deliver the rhinos ourselves," she told me. "In fact, we'll take over a whole shipment—not only the rhinos but tigers, leopards, pythons—and sell them directly to the zoos without going through a dealer who'd put a mark-up of two or three hundred per cent on them."

Mercia gets her way

I tried to explain to Mercia how impractical it was to arrive in a strange country with a cargo of animals hoping to sell them. But she was so determined that, against my better judgment, I agreed. With our previous knowledge of the business, trapping the two rhinos turned out to be a routine job. We also picked up two tigers, five leopards, two leopard-cats, eight pythons, fifteen cobras, and four kabaragoya lizards which are nearly as big as the Komodo dragons. We also had several hundred cranes, storks and smaller birds. In addition, I secured several dozen Ceylonese kangaroo rats, one of the rarest of the rat family. With high hopes we loaded our cargo on the City of Capetown and sailed for New York.

While crossing the Mediterranean, we ran into the worst storm I've ever experienced at sea. Wave after wave crashed down upon the deck and the cages were flung about like paper boxes. I threw open the doors of the monkey cages to give the poor creatures a chance for life. The monkeys promptly dashed below, most of them ending up in the engine room.

One of the leopard-cats got such a soaking that he was half dead when the storm subsided. Leopard-cats are savage little customers not much bigger than a domestic cat, but this one had all the fight knocked out of him. Mercia took the scarcely conscious animal to her bunk and nursed him back to health with brandy, massage and hot milk. As soon as he had recovered enough to stand, he bit Mercia, scratched me, and wrecked the cabin. We had all we could do to get him back in his cage.

Mercia and I couldn't catch the monkeys by ourselves and the crew enjoyed them so much that no one would help us, but one afternoon the captain entered his cabin to find one of the monkeys using his toothbrush as a back scratcher. After that, the captain ordered the crew to see that all monkeys were returned to their cages.

I became more and more apprehensive about selling the cargo. But as the ship approached the dock in Boston harbour a Cadillac half a block long and covered with gleaming chrome came tearing up and stopped with a scream of brakes. Two men jumped out and ran to the edge of the dock. One of them shouted: "Have you any animals besides the rhinos?"

"Plenty!" shouted Mercia. "We have——"

"We don't care what you have, we'll buy the whole consignment."

"How much?"

"Put your own price on them. How long will it take you to unload? We haven't any time to waste. Start getting the cages up now."

One man rushed away to find trucks. The other went to arrange for import permits. When the ship docked and the two men were able to get aboard, we found that they were from the North Atlantic Fertilizer Company which, they assured us, was the biggest wholesale house for wild animals in the country. This seemed a curious title for an animal import firm but we asked no questions. Mercia asked double what we had hoped to get for the cargo and the men instantly consented.

The pythons we sold for $5—about £1 15s.—per foot. After glancing at the snakes, one of the men remarked: "They seem to average about fifteen feet each. Shall we settle for that?"

"Oh no you don't!" snapped Mercia. "We'll measure them right here on deck." All the pythons were taken out and measured with a yardstick. Handling an eighteen- or twenty-foot python is quite a problem but Mercia held their tails and I took their heads, Mercia stretching them until their backbones almost cracked.

The cheque amounted to more money than either Mercia or I had ever seen at one time. After the men left, we sat in our cabin staring at the cheque and at each other, unable to speak.

We went on to Philadelphia with the rhinos where a big reception had been arranged for us. We were swamped by TV cameramen, newsreels, press photographers and reporters. Mercia posed in a sarong, in a special "jungle costume" with shorts designed to show her pretty legs, and in her Paris gowns. I think she must have changed her outfit twenty times in three-quarters of an hour. As usual, she made a tremendous hit.

We went to New York and called into the office of Mr. Zeehandelaar, the head of the animal-dealing department of the North American Fertilizer Company. We discovered that the organization had indeed started as a fertilizer company but now had many interests, of which the animal business was one. Mr. Zeehandelaar explained how he operated.

"As you know, there are enormous profits to be made in the animal business," he began. "But the trouble is that the business isn't organized. Now I propose to bring modern American business methods to the animal game. See that blackboard there?" He pointed to a gigantic blackboard covering one side of the room. "There I keep a list, which is changed from day to day, of anyone desiring animals and also what animals they want and what they'll pay. You'll notice the list includes zoos, circuses, carnivals, travelling menageries, Hollywood and TV productions, little roadside zoos and small exhibition parks in various parts of the country, and even private individuals."

We stared with our eyes popping. This was big business indeed.

Mr. Zeehandelaar picked up a list that looked like stock exchange quotations. "Our latest survey," he went on, "shows us that in the spring there will be a demand for young, female Indian elephants all below five feet at the shoulder. Can you supply us by the first of May with ten such elephants? We will pay you two thousand two hundred dollars each for them, landed in New York harbour."

The elephants would bring us a profit of $20,000—about £7,150—in addition to whatever we made on other animals brought over. We were enormously impressed by Mr. Zeehandelaar's methods and the incredible organization he'd built up.

To obtain ten baby elephants by May—it was now autumn—was a tough assignment. But we quickly agreed.

Elephants stampede

Mercia and I left New York two days later by plane. We flew direct to Karachi and then took a local plane to Jorhat. I had obtained a permit to get six young female calves, each under five feet, in the great keddah shikar, or elephant round-up, that is held high in the Garo Hills, almost within sight of the Himalayan range.

The time for this annual event had now come. Men had been at work for weeks constructing a giant corral of heavy teak stakes, bound together with strong ropes to give additional strength. This corral was circular, about fifty yards in diameter, and the stockade stood some fifteen feet. A trench, six feet deep and six feet wide, ran around the inside as not even the heavy stakes could withstand the attack of an elephant herd unless the force of their charge could be broken in some way. There was a swinging door at the entrance of the corral with two platforms on either side where the men could stand who had the all-important task of handling the door.

A long, V-shaped runway led into the corral, made of lighter stakes and carefully camouflaged with vines and creepers. A few miles away was a salt lick which the herds visited.

A herd with suitable calves was at the salt lick. When I say "suitable calves" I mean from the point of view of the forestry department who needs young elephants to be trained for work in the lumber camps and as pad animals; that is, calves eight to ten years old. The keddah shikar was not being conducted for my benefit but is an important economic function and has been so conducted for centuries.

Mercia and I took up our positions on the stockade. It was lined with men carrying sharpened poles, torches, and noise-makers for, in spite of the trench and stockades, the elephants would still break through if left to themselves. The herd would have to be kept in the corral all night for the drive took place after dark and the phundis (hunters) could not go into the corral to separate the calves from the cows until it was daylight and they could see to work.

About eleven o'clock that night, a shikari came in to report that the herd was at the lick. A small army of several hundred men silently spread out to start the drive, carrying horns, drums, and a few old muskets loaded with black powder. Other men lined the sides of the long runway leading to the corral but kept themselves carefully concealed.

Then we heard the faint sound of

Everybody's Puzzling

BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

Jim Sutton has a perfectly square field. He wishes to mark out a square flower garden which will occupy one corner of the field and take up exactly half the area of the field. The remaining L-shaped portion he will use for growing vegetables.

Jim has no measuring device except a length of string which is as long as one side of his field.

Can you tell him how to mark off the smaller square?

QUIZZLE

The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

CLUE DOWN

A. Carlyle's description of Robespierre (3, 8, 13).

CLUES ACROSS

A. Oceanic inundation, perhaps caused by earthquake (5, 4).
B. Native of India.
C. Muse of music.
D. Pin by which thread is twisted.
E. Small island.
F. Bell rung at morning, noon and sunset for Catholic devotions.
G. Fetters.
H. Poetic or musical composition of emotional nature.
I. Dash.
J. Name of Alexandrine mathematician, given to geometry.
K. Confection of almonds, sugar and paste.
L. Write.
M. Nothing.
N. Bier to support a coffin.
O. Graduate of Oxford university.
P. Descriptive of turned-up nose.
Q. Puritan.
R. Public School in Rutland.
S. Revolving shaft with blades.
T. Commonplace.
U. Uneasy (3, 2, 4).
V. American square dance. (4, 5)
W. Sluggish.
X. Elongated circle.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
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41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
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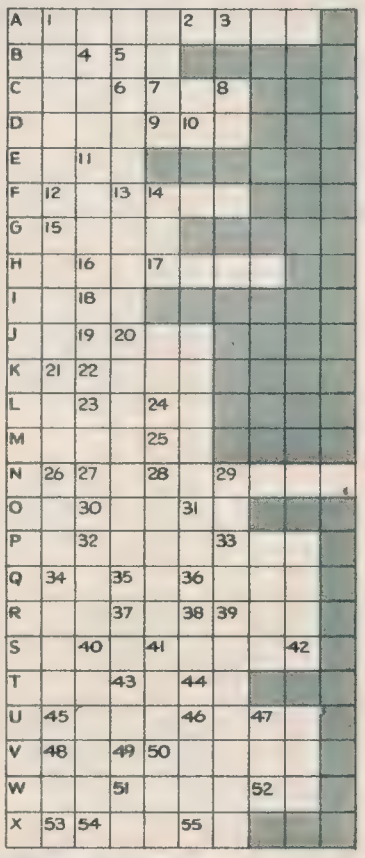

NOW TURN TO PAGE 37 FOR THE ANSWERS

FALSE TEETH

and he couldn't care less

Greet your friends with a big smile. You can laugh, talk and enjoy your meals with no embarrassment if you sprinkle your plate in the morning with Dr. Wernet's Powder. No ride, no wobble—just that all day comfort and confidence which makes you forget all about teeth. Try it and see the difference.

Dr Wernet's POWDER

Over 50,000 dentists know how much it helps their patients—that's why they recommend it.

No more CONSTIPATION for me!

—now I've discovered CALSALETTES, these clever little tablets that keep me regular and fit. They are made from a pure vegetable extract, with no chemicals added, which means their action is gentle, without irritation. *And* they're non-habit-forming. You should try them!

★ CALSALETTES 1 8½d and 6 8½d and try the sister product, too: TORBET LACTIC OATS, 2 1d and 4 2d

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Please send me samples of Torbet Products.

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ADDRESS .....

..... J.B.

Post to: The Torbet Lactic Oat Co., 24 Great King Street, Edinburgh 3

The wildest game

continued from previous page

yells, drums, and horns . . . punctured by the occasional boom of a musket fired into the air. The sounds grew louder but we could see nothing in the darkness. Suddenly the men at the wide mouth of the runway began shouting. That meant the herd had passed them and were in the chute. They could still break out, for the walls of the chute were too light to stand a determined attack, but with men on both sides and behind them, the herd would probably run forward.

The herd is trapped

We saw the first of the great, grey shapes in the semi-darkness as they drifted through the trees towards the entrance of the stockade. As the herd passed, men appeared as if by magic on the walls of the chute, shouting, waving torches, beating on pans and blowing horns.

The first of the herd plunged into the carefully camouflaged entrance to the corral and tore through the planted saplings and bushes. The rest followed them, jostling each other in their eagerness to escape the figures springing up on either side. Behind them were coming the drivers, making more noise than an inferno full of devils, but ahead everything seemed peaceful and safe. As the last animal entered the corral, a man slashed the vine holding back the door. The heavy door slammed shut. Great beams were thrown into place. The herd was caught.

Within a few seconds, the milling animals had trampled the artificial jungle within the corral absolutely flat. Then for the first time they could see the stockade around them and realized that they were trapped. Led by the young bulls, they charged the teak stakes repeatedly. The men on the stockade fought the crazed animals back, prodding them with poles, firing off blank cartridges, waving torches in their faces.

The racket was deafening, and I was certain the herd would break out. But at last the frenzy subsided.

Although the herd had stopped attacking, an even greater disaster threatened. The young bulls started fighting among themselves. The fights grew worse. Soon the corral would be full of dead or dying elephants.

Danger in the dark

"The tame elephants—the kunkis—will have to be sent in, in spite of the darkness," an old shikari told me regretfully. Even as he spoke, the gate of the corral was slowly swung back and the big, bull kunkis drifted in with their mahouts on their necks. The kunkis with long, sharp tusks were more than a match for the young, tuskless bulls. They broke up the fights but it was dangerous work, the elephants and men working by the dim, uncertain light of flaring torches.

At last, dawn came and the roping of the calves could be attempted.

It took about eight hours to catch and remove all the calves. I knew that when the last calf was secured the herd would be turned loose, and I wanted a picture of it. We had run out of film so I asked the forestry official if he would wait until I returned. The distracted man, bellowing orders to mahouts, told me that he would. Leaving Mercia on the stockade, I ran to where we had left the film, got some rolls, and started back.

I was still a few yards from the entrance to the corral when I saw the gate swing open and the herd rushed out. I was right in their path. Luckily, there was a tree there and I jumped behind it. The herd rushed past me on both sides; I could have reached out and touched them. I stood there shaking while the great beasts thundered by. I think that I've never been so scared in my life. Fortunately, the elephants paid no attention to me. They only wanted to get away.

The forestry official apologized to me later. "I forgot all about you, I had too many things to think about," he explained. Mercia's only comment was: "Did you get any good pictures?"

The baby elephants tamed easily. The mahouts told me that in spite of the frantic efforts the mothers made to save their babies, within a few hours they would forget all about them.

With the calves from the keddah shikar, and others we captured, we had the ten that Zeehandelaar wanted. Most of the babies we kept tied up but the very little ones had the run of the camp. When we ate, they would come running to the table to get their "specials," such as butter-and-sugar sandwiches, and if they didn't get enough, they'd butt at the table and push it over.

In addition to the elephants, we got together a cargo of tigers, bears, leopards, hyenas, lesser pandas, otters and monkeys. We also had several hundred birds: black-necked storks, adjutants, red-headed vultures, sarus, demoiselles and mourning cranes, and several hundred small birds.

The voyage to America was without incident and we arrived in Savannah, Georgia. Zeehandelaar wanted the cargo unloaded in a southern port because he had his animal compound in Florida. Our arrival had been well advertised and we were met by the biggest crowd of photographers and reporters yet. Of course, they all wanted pictures of Mercia.

A disaster occurred when Mercia was posing with the young tigers. The tigers were half-grown but still very tame and to hold them near her during the picture-taking Mercia fed them small pieces of meat. As the photographers kept saying, "Just one more," she began to run out of meat and would only pretend to feed them. One of the youngsters got mad and bit her in the behind. It was an extremely painful bite but Mercia, like the good trooper she was, said nothing. The photographers got their pictures and left while Mercia retired below to give first-aid to her injured posterior.

I didn't realize how bad the bite was or I'd have called a doctor immediately.

Unfortunately, the bite did infect and soon it was so bad that she couldn't sit down. I called in a doctor who said that she must be kept quiet for at least two weeks. Zeehandaleer most generously sent us to the Driftwood Hotel at Vero Beach while Mercia was recuperating, explaining: "She got this wound in the line of duty." This I thought was a neat way of putting it.

We had been at the Driftwood about two weeks when I got a call early one morning from Dicky Speyr who runs the Wild Animal Compound at Vero Beach. "Dick had bought some of our animals. "One of the elephants—Marguerite—has broken her leg-chain and escaped," he told me. "Can you come at once?"

I promised that I'd be right over. Still in my pyjamas, I drove to the Wild Animal Compound.

Dick was very upset. Marguerite was worth about £1,500 but that was a minor matter. To have an elephant loose in Florida could be serious. No one knew what damage Marguerite might do, for although she was young, she was powerful and bad-tempered.

Within minutes, the news was on the radio and in special editions of the papers. The police threw up cordons around the area and established road blocks on Route 1 to warn motorists that there was an elephant loose in the vicinity. The schools declared a holiday and the high school children went out to try to find her.

Dick and I sat in his office awaiting word.

Swim for freedom

At eleven o'clock two mornings later, we got a phone call from a fisherman. He'd seen an elephant swimming down the river towards Fort Pierce.

I hired a boat and started down the river with Beck, a young German who'd been helping me with the animals. A few miles above Fort Pierce, we found Marguerite standing on a sand bar. The three days' search was over.

There still remained the problem of how to catch her. We had an elephant hook and a leg-chain. Both Beck and I jumped into the water and while I held Marguerite's attention, Beck tried to get the chain around her leg.

Marguerite charged us both repeatedly. She was in a terrible mood and her training of two months had been forgotten. She was trumpeting like a steam whistle, grabbing for me with her trunk, and trying to trample Beck.

Beck had to dive to reach her foot and Marguerite kept kicking him off, so time after time he came up gasping for air with the chain still in his hand. I tried to hold Marguerite with the hook but even on firm ground that would have been difficult and in the fast-running water it was impossible. All I could do was keep her from grabbing Beck with her trunk and holding him under.

Beck finally fastened the chain in place. Then we got a rope around her neck and dragged her ashore with the steam launch. Once she was on dry land and had a butter-and-sugar sandwich, she quieted down.

The hunt made headlines all over the country. Of course, Marguerite was represented as a gigantic bull with tusks ten feet long and Dick Speyr was delighted with the publicity. He said that he was willing to let an elephant go every day of the week for the same news coverage, but I begged him to control himself.

I was exhausted and my feet cut to hamburger. I've caught elephants in Africa, India and Ceylon but Florida is the worst place to catch elephants that I've ever seen.

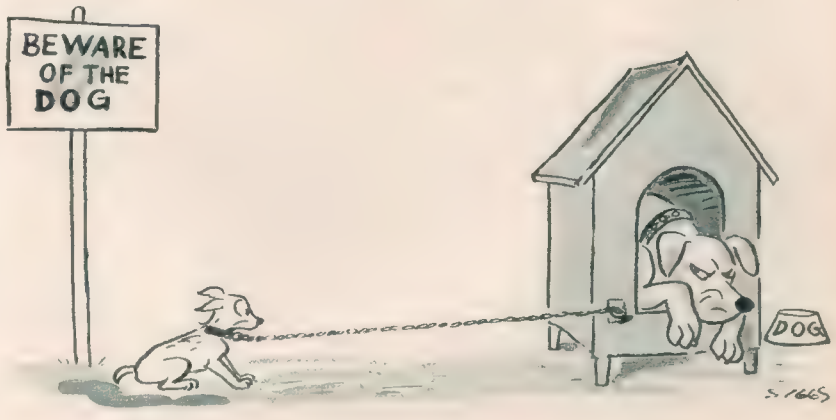
© By Peter Ryhiner and Daniel P. Mannix, 1959

NEXT WEEK: How we trapped the rarest snake in the world

FLOWERS—4

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.

H. W. Beecher



"I'm sure Robin's mummy must be wondering where he's got to . . ."

Father Fogarty's island

continued from page 19

Keneally not to have brought that letter to me at once," he grumbled, "but I must say I was expecting something of the sort. It would have been very peculiar if Father Fogarty had left no instructions at all for me, and I see that we can't just sit around and wait to find out what they were, since the burial is tomorrow. Under the circumstances, Father, I think we'd be justified in arranging for the funeral according to Father Fogarty's known wishes."

"Thanks be to God," Father Hamilton murmured as he and Father Jackson returned to the curates' house. "I never thought we'd get away with that."

"We haven't got away with it yet," said Jackson. "And even if we do, the real trouble will be later."

All the arrangements had still to be made. When Mr. Fogarty was informed, he slammed down the receiver without comment. Then a phone call had to be made to a police station twelve miles from the Island, and the police sergeant promised to send a man out on a bicycle to have the grave opened. As Jackson said wearily, romantic men always left more worldly friends to carry out their romantic intentions.

The scene at the curates' house next morning after Mass scared even Jackson. While the hearse and the funeral car waited in front of the door, Mr. Fogarty sat, white with anger, and let the priests talk. To Jackson's surprise, Father Hanafey put up a stern fight.

"You have to realize, Mr. Fogarty, that to a priest like your brother the Mass is a very solemn thing indeed, and a place where the poor people had to fly in the Penal Days to hear Mass would be one of particular sanctity."

"Father Hanafey," said Mr. Fogarty in a cold, even tone, "I am a business man, with no time for sentiment."

"I would not go so far as to call the veneration for sanctified ground mere sentiment, Mr. Fogarty," the old priest said severely. "At any rate, it is now clear that Father Fogarty left instructions to be delivered to me after his death, and if those instructions are what we think them, I would have a serious responsibility for not having paid attention to them."

"I do not think that letter is anything of the kind, Father Hanafey," said Mr. Fogarty. "That's a matter I'm going to inquire into when I get back, and if it turns out to be a hoax, I am going to take it farther.

"For everybody's sake, we'll hope not," he said grimly.

The funeral procession set off. Mr. Fogarty sat by the driver sulking. Jackson and Hamilton sat behind.

When they stopped at a hotel for lunch, Mr. Fogarty said he was not hungry, and stayed outside in the cold. And when he did get hungry and came into the dining-room, the priests drifted into the lounge to wait for him. They both realized that he might prove a dangerous enemy.

Then as they drove on in the dusk, they saw the mountain country ahead of them in a cold, watery light. The towns and villages they passed through were dirtier and more derelict. They drew up at a crossroads, behind the hearse, and heard someone talking to the driver of the hearse. Then a car fell into line behind them. "Someone joining us," Father Hamilton said.

Half a dozen times within the next twenty minutes, the same thing happened, though sometimes the cars were waiting in lanes and byroads with their lights on, and each time Jackson saw a heavily coated figure standing in the roadway shouting to the hearse driver: "Is it Father Fogarty ye have there?"

At last they came to a village where the local parish priest's car was waiting outside the church, with a little group about it. Their headlights caught a public house, glaring with whitewash, while about it was the vague space of a distant mountainside.

Suddenly Mr. Fogarty spoke. "He seems to have been fairly well known," he said, almost with politeness.

The road went on, with a noisy stream at the right-hand side of it falling from group to group of rocks. They left it for a byroad, which began to mount, broken by ledges of naked rock, over which hearse and cars seemed to heave themselves like animals. On the left-hand side of the road was a little whitewashed cottage, all lit up. A man standing by the door began to pick his way over the rocks toward them, carrying a lantern.

Only then did Jackson notice the other lanterns and flashlights, coming down the mountain or crossing the stream, and realize that they represented people.

Suddenly it hit him, almost like a blow. He had thought when he was here with Fogarty that those people had not respected Fogarty as they respected him and the local parish priest, but he knew that for him, or even for their parish priest they would never turn out in midwinter, across the treacherous mountain bogs and wicked rocks. He and the parish priest would never earn more from the people of the mountains than respect; what they gave to the fat, unclerical young man who had served them with pints in the bar and bullied and ragged and even fought them was something infinitely greater.

The funeral procession stopped in a lane that ran along the edge of a lake. The surface of the lake was rough, and they could hear the splash of the water upon the stones. The two priests got out of the car and began to vest themselves, and then Mr. Fogarty got out, too. He was very nervous and hesitant.

"It's very inconvenient, and all the rest of it," he said, "but I don't want you to think that I didn't know you were acting from the best motives."

"That's very kind of you, Mr. Fogarty," Jackson said. "Maybe we made mistakes as well."

"Thank you, Father Jackson," Mr. Fogarty said, and held out his hand. The two priests shook hands with him and he went off, raising his hat.

"Well, that's one trouble over," Father Hamilton said wryly as an old man plunged through the mud toward the car.

"Lights is what we're looking for!" he shouted. "Let ye turn her sidewise and throw the headlights on the causeway the way we'll see what we're doing."

Swearing a little, their driver reversed and turned the front of the car till it almost faced the lake. Then he turned on his headlights. Somewhere farther up the road the parish priest's car did the same. One by one, the ranked headlights blazed up.

And as they strengthened and steadied, the whole island became like a vast piece of theatre scenery cut out against the gloomy wall of the mountain with the tiny whitewashed cottages at its base. Far above, caught in a stray flash of moonlight, Jackson saw the snow on its summit. "I'll be after you," he said to Father Hamilton, and watched him join the parish priest by the gate.

Jackson resented being seen by them because he was weeping, and he was a man who despised tears—his own and others. It was really like a miracle, and Father Jackson didn't really believe in miracles. Standing back by the fence to let the last of the mourners pass, he saw the coffin, like gold in the brilliant light, and heard the steadying voices of the four huge mountainy men who carried it. He saw it sway above the heads, shawled and bare, glittering between the little stunted holly bushes and hazels. THE END

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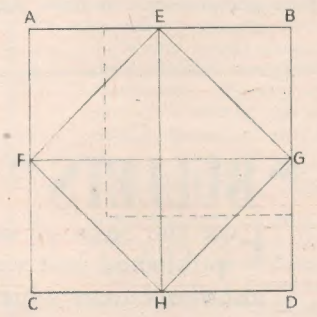
Answers to
Everybody's Puzzling
See page 35

FRED BORDERS'S BRAIN TEASER

Jim should adjust his string exactly to the length of the side of the field. Then by folding the string in two he can get his string half the length of the side. He must mark off this length along two sides of the field as in the diagram. He now has the points E and F. If he now stretches the string from E to F he has the length of the side of the square he needs. (It is obvious from the diagram that the square EFHG is one half of the area of square ABDC, because the four triangles shaped like AEF will just fit into square EFHG.)

Jim accordingly marked out his flower garden as shown by the dotted line.



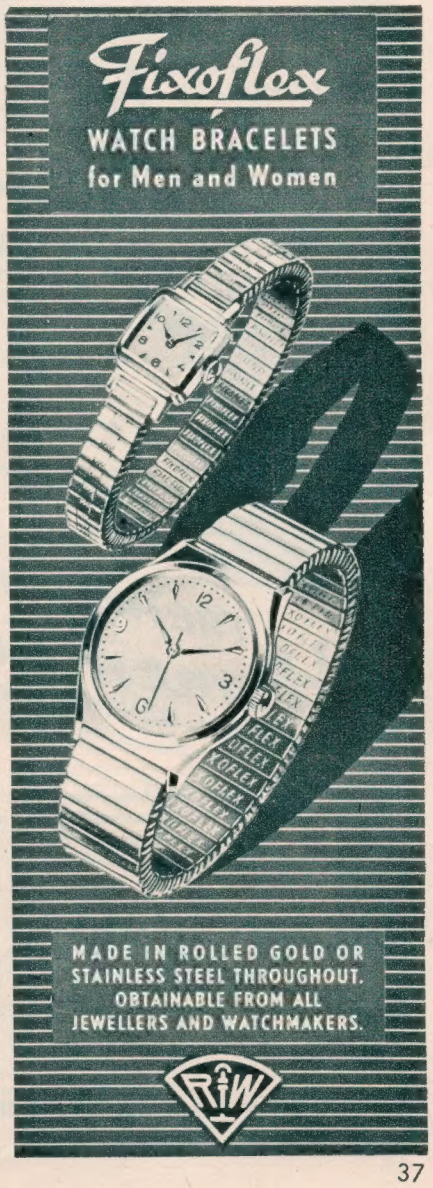
QUIZZLE

Quotation: I wandered lonely as a cloud that floats on high o'er vales and hills. (Wordsworth.)
Clue Down: The seagreen Incorruptible.
Clues Across: (A) Tidal wave; (B) Hindu; (C) Euterpe; (D) Spindle; (E) Eyot; (F) Angelus; (G) Gyves; (H) Rhapsody; (I) Elan; (J) Euclid; (K) Nougat; (L) Indite; (M) Nought; (N) Catafalque; (O) Oxonian; (P) Retroussé; (Q) Roundhead; (R) Uppingham; (S) Propeller; (T) Trivial; (U) Ill at ease; (V) Barn dance; (W) Lethargic; (X) Ellipse.

A gracious welcome to your guests

18/- bottle · 9/6 half-bottle

Also Magnums 36/-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MADE IN ROLLED GOLD OR STAINLESS STEEL THROUGHOUT. OBTAINABLE FROM ALL JEWELLERS AND WATCHMAKERS.
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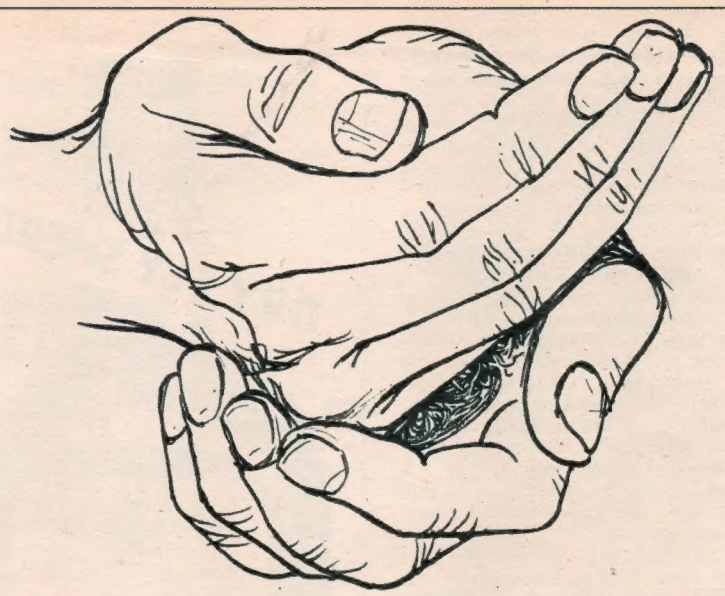

rub your hands with enjoyment . . .

Take a slice of Player's Medium Navy Cut; rub it in your hands. Smell the richness. Fill your pipe. *Then* you'll discover that *fresh-rubbed* Player's Medium, made from matured tobacco, has an *extra* flavour. Ask for Player's Medium in the vacuum-sealed tin to be sure of ever fresh enjoyment.

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1 ounce airtight tin 4/11½

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Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to John Bull : Everybody's Weekly Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise . . .

WE shared a path with our neighbours for twenty-three years, but they died and their daughter bought the house. Now she has told us not to use the path and to erect a fence between it and our garden. We have had a letter from her solicitor saying that as we are only tenants we have no right to use the path. The worry of this is making me ill. Can you advise me of our rights?—L. A. T., Solihull.

● The fact that you are only tenants of the house does not affect your legal right to the use of the path, provided that such right has been established.

As you have used it for more than twenty years this will go far to establish your rights and you can safely leave it to your neighbour to bring evidence to the contrary.

You have no legal obligation to erect a fence unless you previously agreed to do so.

A POSTAL CLAIM

A LETTER addressed to me, which should have arrived by first post, was not delivered until the second. As a result, the notification of a job, to start that morning, was too late. Have I any claim against the Postmaster-General for loss of earnings?—L. J. M., Totteridge, London, N.22.

● The Post Office does not guarantee to deliver letters at any particular time, and if there is delay you have no legal remedy for it, unless there is any evidence to show that it was caused through negligence.

STOLE AWAY

A FRIEND who works as a hairdresser left her handbag behind a partition, the normal place for staff belongings. It was stolen, along with £7, family allowance book and other personal items. The manager told my friend that the premises were insured against theft, but nothing has been done. What action can be taken?—D. G., Dunaghy, Belfast.

● The owner of the business does not appear to be liable for the loss of the handbag, unless it was due to his negligence.

Your friend seems to have left the handbag at her own risk, as she knew it was in a place which was fairly easily accessible.

OUR WEDDING PLANS

MY fiancée is a schoolteacher, and in six months she will be twenty-one. I am twenty-seven, and after an engagement of seven months we wish to get married. Her mother refuses permission. Do we have to obtain a magistrate's permission? If so, whom do we approach?—B. S., Headington, Oxford.

● You must apply to a magistrate for consent to marry while under the age of twenty-one if one or both parents refuse to give consent.

The application should be made to the magistrate in the district where your fiancée resides. Notice of your application must be given to your parents.

See the court probation officer, who will advise you what to do.

SCHOOL PRANKS

DURING a rainstorm my son was allowed by his headmistress to play with the other boys in the cloakroom. One of the boys broke a key which was in a door. The headmistress wants

"BULLETS" ANNOUNCEMENT

FOR the sake of readers who missed *John Bull* published last week, here again is the Bullets announcement which it contained :—

YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY

WE regret that publication difficulties in recent weeks have made it necessary to wind up "John Bull's" long series of Bullets Contests with this FINAL OFFER NO. 2,199—closing postmark MONDAY, AUGUST 31.

CHIEF WINNERS

Bullets Result No. 2,196

£650 Miss I. Scott, 9 Hastings Street, Bradford, Yorks:

The Peace Prize—Best *In* Man Winning!

£50 Mrs. M. Towler, 27 Everest Drive, Bispham, Blackpool: **On The Sands—The "Wafers"! The "Tubs"!**

£25 A. Hind, 85 Fraser Road, Greenford: **Better Driver—*Won't* Catch "Last Ferry"!**

each boy present to contribute towards the cost of a new key, but we feel that, as it was an accident, this is wrong.—Mrs. J. G., Andover, Hants.

● The headmistress has no legal right in these circumstances to compel the children to contribute towards the cost of a new key.

She can, however, apply any reasonable disciplinary punishment for wrong-doing.

GARDEN RAIDER

A NEIGHBOUR'S child repeatedly raids our kitchen garden. Several requests to the parents have failed, and I wonder how far I am legally entitled to go to defend my fruit bushes?—Mrs. M. P.-D., Mudford, Yeovil.

● You are entitled to use all reasonable means to protect your garden from damage, short of physical assault.

You should get a solicitor to inform the parents that they will be held liable for damage done by their child, if they fail to keep him under control.

MILKMAN'S CREST

A COMMERCIAL van delivers milk each day in our street. As there is no indication on the van as to who owns it, I wonder if there is a legal compulsion to have this information on such a vehicle. — Mrs. A. W., Rawden, Leeds.

● Under the Food and Drugs (Milk, etc.) Act 1950 (Section 1), the vendor's name and address must appear on the vehicle from which milk is sold or delivered.

THE WRONG ROSE

I ORDERED a rose tree from a firm some distance away and found, when it bloomed, that it was not the colour which I had ordered. They sent me another tree, which was the right colour. Now they are claiming postage for the second tree from me. Am I obliged to pay?—Mrs. M. S. M., Whitley Bay, Northumberland.

● As the firm made a mistake in sending you a different tree from the one which you ordered it is their obligation to rectify it, and as this involved additional postal charges, they should pay them.

IMPORTING A MODEL

CAN you advise me of the procedure for importing articles from America? I would like to import a model aircraft diesel engine and accessories. Do I need an import licence and will I have to pay duty?—C. H., St. Annes-on-Sea, Lancs.

● First of all you must apply to the Import Licensing Branch of the Board of Trade, 43 Marsham Street, London, S.W.1, for an import licence.

If this is granted it will enable you to send money to America, either by money order through the Post Office, or by a banker's draft.

On arrival in this country the goods will be subject to an import duty of twenty-five per cent of their value plus purchase tax of twenty-five per cent of the duty inclusive wholesale value.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date

▶ **Folding decorator's table:** This lightweight paperhanger's table has a working top made of bonded resin plywood, which makes it waterproof. A hinged joint in the centre top enables it to be folded up to 31½ in. by 22 in. by 3½ in., although when fully extended it measures 63 in. by 22 in. by 30 in. high.

The frame and legs are made of Columbian pine and two stove enamelled check stays hold it rigid. Other uses of this table are at children's parties or picnics; when folded it is possible to stow it in the boot of a car. Price £3 12s., made by W. C. Youngman, Ltd., Manor Royal, Crawley, Sussex.

▶ **Painting tip:** When doing home painting, never begin in a corner with a brush full of paint, but always a few inches in. Once you have got rid of the excess paint then commence on the corner. This will prevent paint collecting in the corner and running down the woodwork. (W. T. Griffiths, Chadderton.)

▶ **Tubed boot polish:** For the first time a wax boot polish packed in a tube is offered on the market. This tube packing makes it simpler to apply and cleaner in use, and the wax polish cannot go hard and crumbly. A cardboard sleeve protects the tube from damage. Available from leading shoe stores, Lion wax boot polish retails at 1s. 3d. per tube. By Day & Martin, New Southgate, London, N.11.

▶ **Preserve your window box:** Before filling your window box with soil, line it with strips of old roofing felt. Make holes in the bottom to allow for drainage. This tip will increase the life of your window box. (A. R. Green, Bolton.)

▶ **Slim auxiliary lamps:** Two new ultra-slim lamps, which are 6 in. in diameter and 2¾ in. deep from the front of the glass to the rear of the shell, have been brought on to the market. The design of the mounting stem allows the lamps to be swivelled through 90° from the vertical back to the horizontal.

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